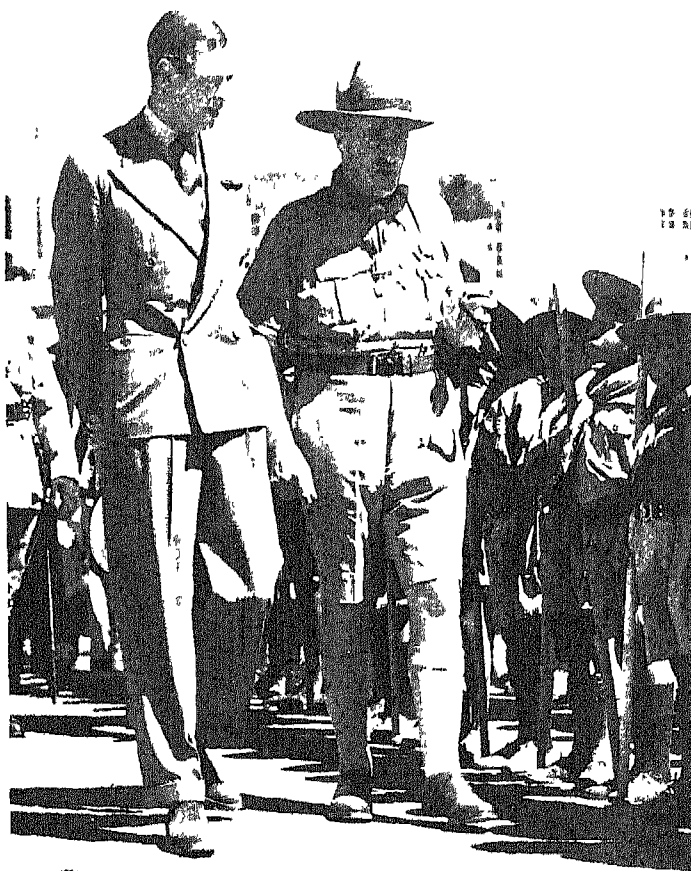




PRINCE GEORGE'S  
AFRICAN TOUR



*George*

PRINCE GEORGE INSPECTING NATIVE BOY SCOUTS  
AT KIMBERLEY

# PRINCE GEORGE'S AFRICAN TOUR

BY

A. A. FREW

Reuter's Correspondent throughout the Tour

*With Preface by*

GENERAL THE RT. HON. J. C. SMUTS  
P.C., C.H.

*and Foreword by*

G. MARTIN HUGGINS  
Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia

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*Dedicated*  
*By Special Permission*  
*To*  
*His Royal Highness The Prince George*  
K.G., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., A.D.C., R.N.



## PREFACE

By General the Rt. Hon. J. C. SMUTS  
P.C., C.H.

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I gladly write a line of introduction for the account which Mr. A. A. Frew has written of the recent tour of H.R.H. The Prince George to the Union and Southern Africa. The tour deserves to be placed on record, and to be widely published, for it was one of the most successful which any member of the Royal Family has ever paid to South Africa. Every class of the community was charmed with his personality, his untiring activity, his tact and consideration for others under circumstances which often must have been very trying to him. He was kept "on the go" practically all the time; there was lavish display of function and hospitality which, however kindly and well meant, must often have been almost more than human nerves could bear. Throughout it all he maintained his good temper and his good humour, and had a right word for everybody and every occasion. For South Africans the visit remains an ever-pleasant memory, and one may express the hope that, after the Prince has forgotten the strenuousness of his exertions and the discomfort of mere travel, he will retain an abiding memory of this most interesting country and of its people, whose attachment to the Royal House was so strikingly brought home to him on this visit.

J. C. SMUTS.

PRETORIA,  
15th June, 1934.



## FOREWORD

By G. MARTIN HUGGINS

Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia

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Civilisation to-day is facing the most crucial test it has experienced since the Dark Ages. It is increasingly apparent that more than mere good government is required in these times. Leadership is demanded.

Civilisation can only survive with the co-operation of all civilised countries. If the nations of the world are to pull together diplomacy is essential, and diplomacy means the personal touch. If the isolation of intensive nationalism is to give way to co-operative effort it will be through the untiring efforts of those true patriots—the rare, public-spirited men, among whom we are proud to number our Royal Princes.

I feel it a great privilege to be connected with this record of the tour in Southern Rhodesia of His Royal Highness the Prince George. I am convinced that these arduous Royal tours will go down in history in the forefront of the movement towards the New Diplomacy.



25th May, 1934.



## AUTHOR'S NOTE

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Coinciding with a period of kaleidoscopic political developments in the Union, Prince George's visit, although of course in no way connected with any political movement (he was actually first invited to the Union by General Hertzog four years ago), had a special significance because of the unanimity of his reception. Accordingly it was felt that for this reason, and also because it was Prince George's first Dominions visit, a record of the tour should be made. I have endeavoured to relate the story of the tour as faithfully as I could, but it has not, of course, been possible to describe every event attended by Prince George. The circumstances in which this story has been prepared (I have had to sandwich its writing into my normal work) have not been conducive to the production of a work of literary merit, and I hope the reader will forgive its many shortcomings.

Any note would be incomplete without an expression of appreciation to the Prince's Comptroller, Major Ulick Alexander, whose readiness always to assist was extremely helpful to the journalists entrusted with the duty of recording the tour; to the Governments of the various territories through which we passed for their hospitality; and to all the officials who at one time and another were connected with the Royal trains, and whose high sense of duty and superlative efficiency very largely contributed to the success of the tour.

A. A. F.

CAPETOWN.  
May, 1934.





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# Prince George's African Tour

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## CHAPTER I

### A Happy Atmosphere

THE visit of H.R.H. The Prince George to South Africa in the early months of 1934 could not have been better timed. By a happy coincidence the Government of the Union of South Africa—the Union's first National, as distinct from Nationalist, government—extended an invitation to Prince George to be their guest in the Dominion at a time when the grievous burdens of years of racial warfare and economic depression were beginning to lift. It was a strife-weary country which welcomed the King's youngest son on his rapid journey through the Union. But it was a country enjoying to the full the intoxicating happiness that comes with peace after a century and more of war between two sections of a population. A few short months before a delighted people read the announcement that Prince George would visit them, the seemingly

impossible had happened—Generals Smuts and Hertzog had joined hands and agreed to let bygones be bygones.

This amazing somersault of events—and it caused wonderment even in this country of political topsyturvydom—was largely inspired by the common peril of economic depression and unprecedented drought which swept the country like a scourge. The enemy was no respecter of persons. South Africans were beaten to their knees no matter whether they spoke Afrikaans or English. Fortunately the country's good sense asserted itself, and in the face of a common peril it rallied in a combined force behind the two great political leaders. Vigorous action and sober judgment brought their reward, as slowly but surely the ship of State was steered back into calm waters and on a level keel.

Peace, improving economic conditions, and rain—these were the three factors underlying the light-heartedness that swept the country in Prince George's van. And the joyous spirit in which Prince George undertook his arduous task seemed to typify the feelings of the people who were his hosts.

The time was ripe for a Royal visit, if only because it afforded the people an opportunity of demonstrating, not only to the world, but to South Africa itself, their newly-found peace in some way not connected with politics.

It seemed to me as Afrikaans- and English-speaking South Africans combined to welcome the Prince that his visit was largely a

message of hope—hope that the monster of racial cleavage would never again be allowed to raise its venomous head; hope that the rehabilitation of the farming community, dealt so staggering a blow by all manner of adversity, would not be long delayed; hope, indeed, that tolerance and friendliness would be the guiding principles of the real Union, so newly born. And many were the words of hope that the Prince spoke in his speeches and in his private conversations with the leaders of the community. He seemed to epitomise the feeling of the people when, speaking in Afrikaans, he repeated in Pretoria, the Union's capital, the famous words of President Paul Kruger:

“ Take out of the past all that is noble and build thereon in the future.”

This then was the happy political background of Prince George's visit to the Union of South Africa—internal peace and a brighter economic outlook.



## CHAPTER II

### In African Waters

ON 19th January, 1934, Prince George sailed from Southampton on board R.M.S. *Carnarvon Castle* for South Africa to undertake his first Dominion tour.

Prior to sailing, His Royal Highness had made contact with the South African community in London. He had visited South Africa House, the Union's new headquarters in Trafalgar Square, and there he saw some of the features of South African architecture so ably reproduced by Sir Herbert Baker, the architect of the handsome building which houses South Africa's official representatives at the headquarters of the Empire.

On 10th January, Prince George was the guest of honour at a dinner at the Savoy Hotel, given by the South African Club. The Union High Commissioner, Mr. Charles Te Water, presided over this gathering, and in wishing the Prince God-speed on his travels, he recalled that in that same room in 1930, General Hertzog invited Prince George to visit South Africa—an invitation which had its origin wholly in a spirit



PRINCE GEORGE ON THE "CARNARVON CASTLE"

With Captain C. E. Stuart, R.D., R.N.R. (on right), Commander of the Liner

*Facing page 4*



of hospitality. In that same spirit, added the High Commissioner, Prince George would be received when he visited South Africa—a prophecy fully borne out by subsequent events.

Intimating his pleasure at accepting the Union's invitation, the Prince, in reply to Mr. Te Water, struck a happy note when he repeated the saying, "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive," but added that though his expectations were high, he anticipated no sense of disappointment on reaching South African shores. That this proved to be the case was amply revealed by the Prince in his farewell message when he left Union territory two months later.

It was a happy function that augured well for the success of the tour, more particularly as it was noticed that the Prince pronounced South African names like General Hertzog and Mr. Havenga with a correctness unusual in London.

On the day of departure Prince George flew to Southampton from Sunningdale, accompanied by the Prince of Wales. After being received on board the *Carnarvon Castle* by the directors of the Union-Castle Steamship Company, the Prince went to his suite, where he received the Mayor of Southampton, who wished him *bon voyage*, and later bade farewell to the Prince of Wales. A typically rough passage was made through the Bay of Biscay, bringing the *Carnarvon Castle* to the calmer waters of the tropics, and the Prince enjoyed an uneventful voyage, spending much of his time reading and securing whatever exercise he could.

No sooner had the *Carnarvon Castle* crossed the Equator and steamed south into the teeth of the south-east trade wind, which brings rain to the parched veld of the Union's interior, than the Prince had a foretaste of the splendid welcome awaiting him. The wireless station at Walvis Bay began to transmit to the liner the dozens of messages of welcome addressed to the Prince.

Dignified in its phrasing but charming in its friendliness, a message from General Hertzog, the Union's Prime Minister, was sent to the Prince when he was still several hundred miles from South African shores.

The message read:

"On behalf of the people of the Union I desire to express to Your Royal Highness their appreciation of your visit to the Union, and to extend to you a very hearty welcome to our shores. We trust that your stay with us will not only bring you nearer to the hearts of the people, but will also secure to them a lasting place in your affections. I am looking forward with pleasure to the opportunity of meeting you on Monday morning."

Other messages came from the Mayor of Capetown, the Administrator of South-West Africa, and other leading South Africans.

It was, however, the Royal Navy which gave the Prince his first welcome to African waters. Steaming out from the Naval base at Simonstown, H.M.S. *Dorsetshire*, the flagship of the African squadron, with the Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans (more popularly known as "Evans of the *Broke*") on

board, proceeded up the West Coast and met the *Carnarvon Castle* on Sunday afternoon, 4th February. Tearing through heavy seas, *Dorsetshire* approached and fired a salute of 21 guns. The Royal Standard was broken at the *Carnarvon Castle's* mainmast and her ensign was dipped in salute, while on the "dressed" *Dorsetshire* the crew, clad in white ducks, manned ship. It was an impressive little episode enacted in mid-ocean.

*Dorsetshire* drew up to within a quarter of a mile on the port side of the *Carnarvon Castle*, and Prince George stood to attention on the bridge while the Flagship's band played the National Anthem. The cruiser then turned about in her track, and steamed to the starboard side of the liner, keeping half a mile ahead, with great waves crashing over her bows. *Dorsetshire* finally encircled the *Carnarvon Castle*, dropped a quarter of a mile astern, and keeping her station, escorted the liner towards Capetown.

## CHAPTER III

### Capetown

IT has become almost a habit for "mail-boat" passengers to creep out of their cabins at the first sign of dawn on a Monday morning, as their ship noses its way into Table Bay, to catch a first glimpse of the handsome pile of Table Mountain rearing 3,000 feet high above Capetown. It is a sight that impresses the stranger and gladdens the hearts of South Africans returning home.

Prince George was no exception to the custom, but it was most unfortunate that when he sought his first view of the famous mountain at an early hour it should be enshrouded in a heavy pall of cloud. Nevertheless, the dawn of 5th February was a beautiful one. Dark clouds overhung the Blaauwberg, which skirt the eastern shores of Table Bay, but as the *Carnarvon Castle* swung round into the dock entrance the sun burst through the clouds, and beams of sunlight picked out her shape from stem to stern. Half a mile distant H.M.S. *Dorsetshire* lay at anchor, a grim, silhouetted shape against the rising sun.

The handfuls of people who had been at the

quayside at the break of dawn steadily grew in volume until the crowd reached considerable dimensions. They cheered as the *Carnarvon Castle* slowly drew alongside the quay, while overhead aeroplanes droned and dipped in salute. As the mailboat was tied up all the ships in harbour and *Dorsetshire* in the bay dressed ship, and many eyes were focussed on the Royal Standard which had been broken at the *Carnarvon Castle's* mainmast the previous afternoon.

These first ceremonies over, the crowd silently but interestedly watched the arrival of the detachment of the South African Permanent Garrison Artillery which provided the guard of honour, and the other preliminaries for the Royal landing. A cheer at 9.30 betokened the arrival of General Hertzog, who was accompanied by the Chief Justice (Sir John Wessels), the President of the Senate (Mr. C. A. van Niekerk), the Acting Speaker (Major G. B. van Zyl), General Smuts, and other South African ministers. This important group boarded the ship and were received in the Library by Prince George, whom they officially welcomed to the Union on behalf of the Government and the people.

Punctually at 10 o'clock, the Prince appeared at the head of the gangway, and the crowd buzzed with excitement. Cheer after cheer greeted the tall, erect figure, wearing the white uniform of a naval lieutenant-commander, with the brilliant blue Garter ribbon making a splendid splash of colour across his breast. As the Prince set foot on South African soil a royal salute of



21 guns crashed out from the Castle, for over 250 years a silent sentinel over Capetown. After inspecting the guard of honour the Prince entered an open motor-car and, accompanied by the Prime Minister, began a triumphal drive through the city.

It seemed as if almost the whole of Capetown's population of 300,000 people had crowded into the city's principal thoroughfares to greet the Prince. Fully two hours before the Royal procession was due to pass, every available point of vantage in Adderley and Darling Streets bore a human quota. Balconies were thronged with people; every window was crowded with heads; and in the street itself a narrow lane was flanked by crowds ten and more deep. It was an exhilarating sight.

The city looked its best. Every building was tastefully decorated, the bright summer's sun picking out the brilliant colours and enhancing a magnificent spectacle.

After passing through an archway formed of two escape ladders erected and manned by city firemen, the Royal procession started its astonishing journey along Adderley Street. Sandwiched in between two troops of mounted policemen, the Royal car proceeded at a snail's pace, its progress being indicated by a surging roar of cheers. The Prince smilingly acknowledged the cheers with a wave of his hand; obviously he was impressed by the warmth of his reception.

The Royal procession made slow progress



ARRIVAL IN CAPETOWN PRINCE GEORGE AND THE  
MAYOR AT CITY HALL

*Facing page 10*



to Government House, adjacent to the Houses of Parliament, where the Prince called on the Governor-General, the Earl of Clarendon, and Lady Clarendon.

The Royal visitor a few minutes later proceeded to the City Hall, again through cheering masses, to receive the city's welcome from the Mayor and City Council. At the foot of the City Hall steps the Prince was received by Mr. L. Gradner, the Mayor, in his red robes of office, who in turn presented to His Royal Highness the city's Councillors in their blue robes—a colourful ceremony with the brilliantly decorated City Hall as a background.

Inside the City Hall there was a memorable scene. The large hall was crammed to the doors, accommodating about three thousand people, who were worked to a high pitch of enthusiasm by the martial music played by the Capetown Orchestra. As the noble strains of "Land of Hope and Glory" died away, a fanfare of trumpets burst out and the Prince, accompanied by the Mayor and the Prime Minister, entered the hall. The audience rose and applauded the Prince for several minutes.

On the platform were all the members of the Cabinet, former Cabinet Ministers, the High Commissioner (Sir Herbert Stanley) and Lady Stanley, the Agent-General for India (Kunwar Sir Maharaj Singh) and Lady Singh, the Archbishop of Capetown (Right Rev. F. R. Phelps) and Mrs. Phelps, Admiral and Mrs. Evans, General Brink (Chief of the General Staff),

members of the Diplomatic and Consular Corps, and a Government House Party. In the audience were judges, members of parliament, and representatives of every phase of national and city life. Capetown gave the Prince a typical South African welcome, and the cheers which greeted him on his first day in the Union were subsequently echoed and re-echoed throughout the land.

The audience frequently applauded the Mayor's eloquent references to "those exalted ideals of personal duty and national service which are so intimately associated with your historic House" of which, he said, the Prince was an "eloquent and popular exponent."

"I cannot omit an expression of our deep-felt gratitude for the wonderful influence at present being exercised by the *British nation* in their efforts to preserve the peace of the civilised world and to promote even closer union among the principal nations," declared the Mayor, and the audience endorsed his sentiments.

The city's address of welcome, handsomely bound in leather, was couched in dignified sentences. Other addresses were presented by various public bodies, and there was an unrehearsed incident when the representatives of the South African Indian Congress placed a garland round the Prince's neck.

Speaking in a clear, resonant voice, and with effortless fluency, Prince George thanked the city and the Government for the welcome he had received.

Describing the Union's history as "rich in enterprise and adventure," the Prince said:

"The early pioneers were confronted with many obstacles and overcame them with the same determination that is so characteristic of the people of South Africa. They stuck grimly to their task, refusing to acknowledge defeat. Their task was shared with equal fortitude by both man and woman, and on the foundation they so well and wisely laid you have built up this great country. A country capable of producing such a variety and high quality of the needs of mankind must have a big future . . . your climate and a host of other attractions go to prove how right Drake was when he claimed this Cape as 'the fairest cape in all the world.'"

The crowd listened to this initial speech with the closest interest. It revealed an appreciation of the background of South African history which was extremely gratifying. But the Prince had not finished.

Expressing regret that his visit to the country was to be so short, the Prince said, "I know what interest is to be found in the vast undulating plains of the Platteland and the virile people there. I know that I shall be spending perhaps only an hour in a town when a day would be insufficient. I know that I shall see much, but I know too that I shall miss much, and that, on leaving, my one desire will be to see more of this wonderful country. As I pass from place to place my interest in your land and in your problems will always increase, and on my

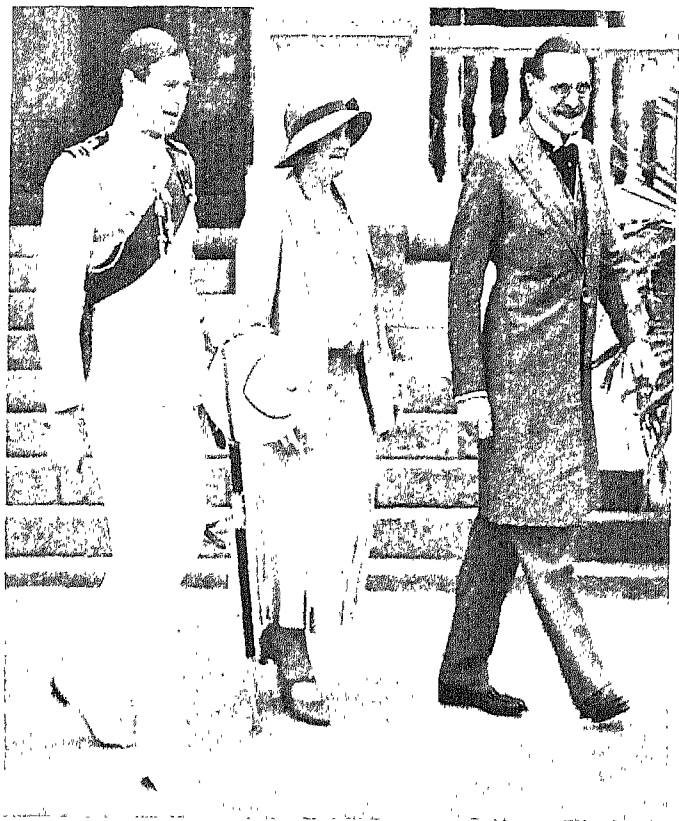
return to England I shall often recall my meeting with you. Table Mountain at times will loom up in my thoughts and I shall never forget the great impression to-day has made upon me."

Thus was a happy note struck at the very outset of the tour, and South Africans, who readily respond to friendliness, took Prince George to their hearts.

Outside the City Hall the Prince inspected a large parade of ex-servicemen. Throughout his tour the Prince paid special attention to men who had fought for their country. He met many interesting characters, and displayed an intimate knowledge of the various campaigns and the medals that were the reward for participation in them.

While the Prince was slowly walking up and down the ranks of ex-soldiers, the crowd outside the City Hall became so dense that it broke through the police cordons. There was no suggestion of disorderliness, but reinforcements had to be summoned to keep the crowd clear of the Royal cars.

A morning of strenuous ceremonial concluded when the Prince departed by car for Westbrooke, the Governor-General's suburban residence at Rondebosch, five miles from Capetown. Here, in close proximity to Groote Schuur, the magnificent homestead presented by Cecil Rhodes to the nation as a residence for the Prime Ministers of the Union, Prince George was the guest of the Governor-General and Lady Clarendon for eight days. As often as possible,



PRINCE GEORGE WITH THE EARL AND COUNTESS  
OF CLARENDON

At Westbrooke, Rondebosch, Capetown, the summer residence  
of the Governor-General





when a break in official duties gave him a few valuable moments to himself, the Prince swam in the swimming-bath picturesquely set under the shadow of Devil's Peak amid gorgeous old oak trees.

A firm believer in the virtues and benefits of physical exercise the Prince, despite a tiring morning, found time to play a vigorous game of squash in the afternoon. In the evening he dined quietly with the Governor-General and Lady Clarendon.

Capetown, however, had not concluded its celebrations. At nightfall the city became a dazzling sea of light. Adderley Street was transformed into a great white way. Thousands of people flocked into the city to see the illuminations, and the traffic became a hopeless jam, defying the best endeavours of the traffic constables to sort it out. Thousands of Capetonians paraded the streets until a late hour, and when finally the illuminations were switched off, the city went to bed thoroughly satisfied that it had endeavoured to give the Prince a Royal welcome—as indeed it had done.

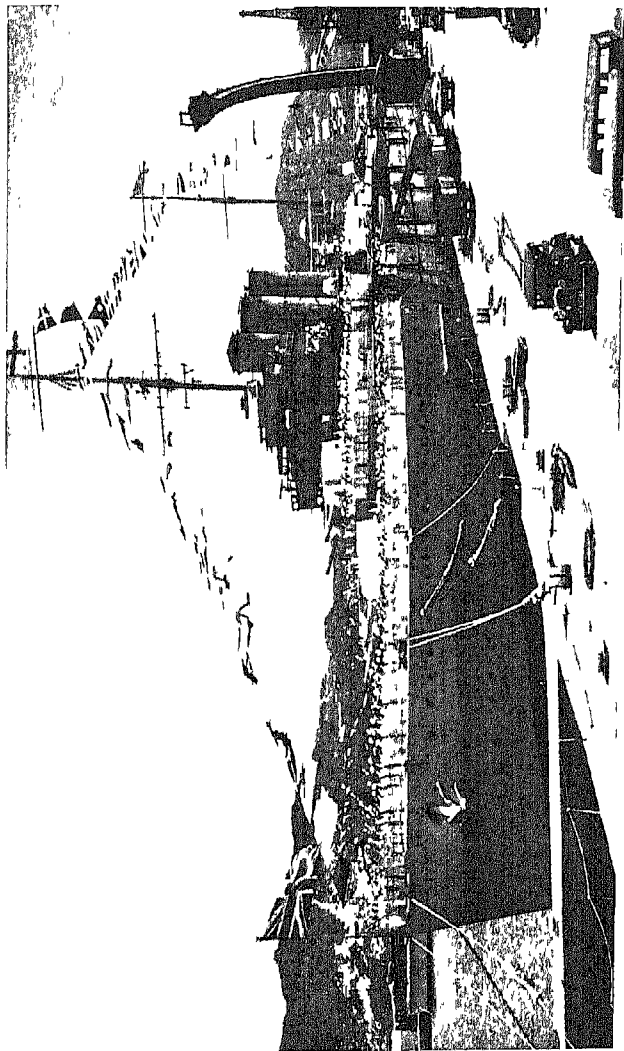
## CHAPTER IV

### Busy Days in the Peninsula

**A**LTHOUGH Prince George has not served in a warship since 1928, he is still on the active list and is a sailor at heart. It was only natural, therefore, that he should display a lively interest in the plans for the naval defence of the trade routes around Southern Africa, and on his second day in the Union he visited the naval base at Simonstown where, after being accorded a civic reception by the Mayor and townspeople, he proceeded to the Naval Dockyard.

Simonstown is a pleasant little town on the shores of False Bay nestling under the mountains at the extreme end of the Cape Peninsula, and about 25 miles from Capetown. It depends entirely on the Navy for its existence as a town, but there has always been perfect harmony between the naval and civil inhabitants—a fact to which the Prince referred with appreciation when he replied to the town's address of welcome.

The Prince had an interesting meeting with a venerable old man, Mr. D. Frieslaar, a cabman, who, fifty years ago, drove King George and his



H M S "DORSETSHIRE" AT SIMONSTOWN. PRINCE GEORGE'S CAR LEAVING  
AFTER THE INSPECTION

*Page 19 para 16*



elder brother, the Duke of Clarence, to Wynberg, when they were midshipmen serving in the *Bacchante*. In those days the railway line reached only to Wynberg, a little town midway between Capetown and Simonstown. Consequently, when naval officers wished to visit town they had to find their own transport as far as Wynberg. Old Frieslaar told the Prince that he used to charge his father 10s. to take him to Wynberg and bring him back. The Prince shook hands with the delighted old fellow.

Outside the naval dockyard is moored the South African training ship *General Botha*, the gift to the nation of Mr. T. B. F. Davis of Durban. The ship represents South Africa's only attempt to train suitable boys, many of whom never see the sea until they reach Simonstown to enter the *General Botha* for a nautical career. The experiment has been a signal success, and "Botha boys," as they are called, have done exceedingly well in the mercantile marine. The Prince visited the ship, to which he was rowed in a cutter manned by 14 cadets. Having inspected the ship, the Prince addressed the 128 cadets, paying tribute to the British shipping companies, which, despite the desperate straits of the shipping industry, generously provided openings for Botha cadets. It was a glowing testimony to the generosity of these companies.

Accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans, the Prince proceeded in the Admiral's barge to the dockyard, where he boarded the Flagship, H.M.S.

*Dorsetshire*, tied up in the East Dockyard, a magnificent example of naval spruceness.

With customary ceremonial and splendid precision the Prince was received on board. On the quarter-deck a guard of honour of Royal Marines in white helmets was mounted. The Prince was greeted by Captain Makeig-Jones, the Chief of Staff, and as he set foot on the quarter-deck the Royal Standard was broken at the masthead and a royal salute of 21 guns boomed out, reverberating in the surrounding hills and mountains.

The officers of the Flagship and the other ships of the squadron were presented to the Prince who spotted several former shipmates among them. He chatted animatedly with his old friends and recalled their service together.

The Prince displayed the keenest interest in every detail as he inspected the ship. He spotted the badge worn by the sailors of the South African Naval Service, which bears the initials "S.A.N.S." and the Afrikaans equivalent "S.A.S.D." He wanted to know the meaning of the second batch of letters, and Admiral Evans provided the explanation.

Leaving the ship at 12.30 the Prince motored to Admiralty House to lunch with Admiral and Mrs. Evans. As he stepped ashore, the Royal Standard was hauled down and all hands on the upper deck mustered on the port side and "cheered ship" as the Royal car moved off. As the car passed the bows of the flagship another Royal salute was fired by all ships.

Thus concluded an impressive naval occasion.

Throughout his visit to Southern Africa, His Royal Highness displayed the keenest interest in hospitals. His close association with London hospitals has enabled him to secure an expert knowledge of the latest hospital practice and design. At almost every town the Prince managed to find some time to visit the hospital, where he not only cheered the patients by talking to them, but was able to form an opinion of the development of medical facilities in the Union. The Prince was much impressed with the design of the Volkshospitaal in Capetown, the work of two South African architects. He considered the building to be quite equal to the best European standards.

After lunching at Admiralty House and playing a round of golf with the Governor-General, the Prince visited two hospitals for children in the Peninsula, the Lady Michaelis Home for Invalid Children, and the Princess Alice Home of Recovery for Children. The latter institution is the valuable legacy which the Prince's aunt, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, left to the Union at the conclusion of Lord Athlone's term of office as Governor-General. The Prince was quite at home among the children to whom he chatted freely. He asked them what it was like having an operation, and one small child replied, "It is not so bad as people think, and the nurses are very nice if it hurts."

In the evening the Prince dined privately



with Lord Hyde, the Governor-General's son and Comptroller, later going on to a State ball at Government House. Over a thousand guests attended this brilliant function, and for well over an hour the Prince, the Governor-General, and Lady Clarendon received the guests. It would be difficult to imagine a lovelier scene than Government House, Capetown, on an occasion of this nature. In the historic old building there is a large ballroom, the doors of which open on to green lawns and magnificent gardens where fairy lights twinkled in the trees. Here the guests strolled around on a perfect summer's night under the bright stars of the southern sky.

Many spontaneous acts of kindness by the Prince won him many friends, but few caught the public's imagination so vividly as his decision to visit Mr. N. C. Havenga, the popular Minister of Finance, who had been taken seriously ill while travelling to Capetown from his Free State farm, and who had been rushed to the Volks-hospitaal. On Wednesday morning, 7th February, the Prince visited Mr. Havenga, whom he had met on several occasions in London. He was delighted to hear from the doctor and Mrs. Havenga, who was present in the Minister's room, that the patient was making rapid strides towards recovery.

Motoring along de Waal Drive, the pleasant road which runs around the base of Table Mountain from the city to Newlands, where it links up with the famous Newlands Avenue and Rhodes Drive, the Prince proceeded to

Groot Constantia to attend a luncheon given in his honour by the Acting Administrator of the Cape Province (Mr. F. M. Voigt) and the Cape Provincial Council.

The Provincial Councils in South Africa are important links in the constitution evolved when the Union of the four Provinces was attained in 1910. These Councils deal with matters of purely Provincial interest, and comprise members elected on the Parliamentary franchise basis from all parts of the Provinces. They naturally participated in the welcome accorded to Prince George, and the function arranged by the Cape Provincial Council was of rather an unusual nature. It was a luncheon set out under the shade of the towering old oak trees planted by the Dutch governor, Simon van der Stel, when he built Groot Constantia in 1685. To reach this famous wine farm, with its charming old homestead embracing all the best features of old Dutch architecture, which Sir Herbert Baker had so skilfully adapted to modern usage, the Prince had to motor through beautifully green vineyards where the vines were weighted with enormous bunches of grapes.

Sitting between Mr. Voigt and General Smuts at lunch, the Prince plied them with many questions about the Union's flourishing wine-making industry, of which Groot Constantia is an important centre, and the associations of the historic farm. Subsequently he explored the great vaults where he saw thousands of leaguers of wine maturing.

Taking advantage of another free afternoon, the Prince motored to Muizenberg with Lord and Lady Hyde to be initiated in the mysteries of surfing. The Prince is a strong swimmer, but he had not previously had an opportunity of using a surf board. The breakers rolled in at a good pace and the Prince had many spills with his board before he was able to handle it with any degree of skill. But he soon mastered the knack and was able to have some really good surfs.

In the evening he attended a Civic Ball at the City Hall, where 3,000 Capetonians were presented to him. General Hertzog, who had been unable because of State business to attend the day functions, was able to snatch a few minutes away from Parliament to attend the ball, which was another brilliant social function.

The Prince's insistence on shaking hands with everybody was the admiration of the city. Altogether it is estimated that during his short stay in the Cape he shook hands with well over 12,000 people, and it was a matter for wonderment that he showed no signs of fatigue. One physical culture expert was interested to notice that the Prince developed a special technique in hand-shaking. He held his wrist loosely and not taut as is the general practice. Probably this fact enabled him to survive what would otherwise have been a severe physical strain.

## CHAPTER V

### Among the Farmers

THE Prince made his first acquaintance with South African farmers and the predominantly Afrikaans-speaking towns of the interior when he visited Paarl on 8th February. Paarl, which is 36 miles from Capetown, is a pleasantly clean town of some 16,000 inhabitants, about half of whom are coloured. The town lies at the foot of the Paarl Mountains, which are crowned by three enormous granite boulders. These glisten in the sun and gave the mountains and town its name, Paarl being the Afrikaans word for pearl. Paarl is the centre of a flourishing wine-making and fruit-growing district, and, like so many of the Western Province towns, contains many gems of Dutch architecture, which are the outward symbol of its great historic associations.

The Prince drove from Capetown to Paarl in an open car, being cheered on his way by little groups of people in the small hamlets through which he passed. At the entrance to the town he was met by the Mayor of Paarl and the Chairman of the Paarl Divisional Council.

Lusty cheers from a crowd of three thousand people assembled outside the Town Hall, greeted the Prince as his car slowed down, and they were renewed when the Mayor, speaking first in Afrikaans and then in English, welcomed the Prince in homely country phrases, and referred to "the binding influence on the Empire of the King's sons."

This was the Prince's first experience of a speech delivered in Afrikaans, and he listened intently, and as the tour progressed the Prince became more familiar with the language, so that when at last he ventured to speak a phrase or two his pronunciation was excellent.

His Royal Highness, in his first speech to an audience consisting mainly of farmers, referred sympathetically to the troubles which had beset farmers. This was the first of the many expressions of sympathy he offered agriculturists, and his speeches invariably revealed a complete understanding of their difficulties.

The Prince was especially interested to meet old Mr. Abraham Basson, who, at 94 years of age, shuffled up to him leaning heavily on a stick. Mr. Basson, who has since died, claimed to be the only living inhabitant who was born in the days of slavery. It would be superfluous to say that he was Paarl's oldest inhabitant. The Prince smilingly shook hands with the old man, but conversation was difficult as he could not speak English and the Prince did not speak Afrikaans. The old man, however, asked a friend to tell the Prince that he was pleased

to welcome him to South Africa. The friend added that Mr. Basson, like so many oldest inhabitants, disapproved of modern contraptions such as telephones and motor-cars. Mr. Basson began life with a startling adventure. When he was an infant he was snatched from his cradle by a baboon and carried away up the mountain-side, whence he was eventually rescued. The Prince listened to the story and, exclaiming, "Wonderfull" again shook hands with the old man, who hobbled away with a smile on his wrinkled face.

His Royal Highness, always anxious to assist in promoting local industries, visited the vast wine cellars and vats of the Co-operative Wine Growers' Association at South Paarl. Here he saw the progress that is being made by this flourishing industry. Each year the Union's exports of wine increase substantially, and the Association is one of the best examples of effective co-operation extant in the country. It steadfastly refuses to flood the overseas markets with the vast volumes of poor quality wine at its disposal. Instead, it sets and maintains an extremely high quality for export wines, and is carefully conserving and developing valuable markets.

Motoring through the beautiful Drakenstein Valley, where the road winds between magnificent orchards, and where the ground is so fertile that Cecil Rhodes established the well-known Rhodes' Fruit Farms, the Prince proceeded to Stellenbosch, a famous Afrikaans educational

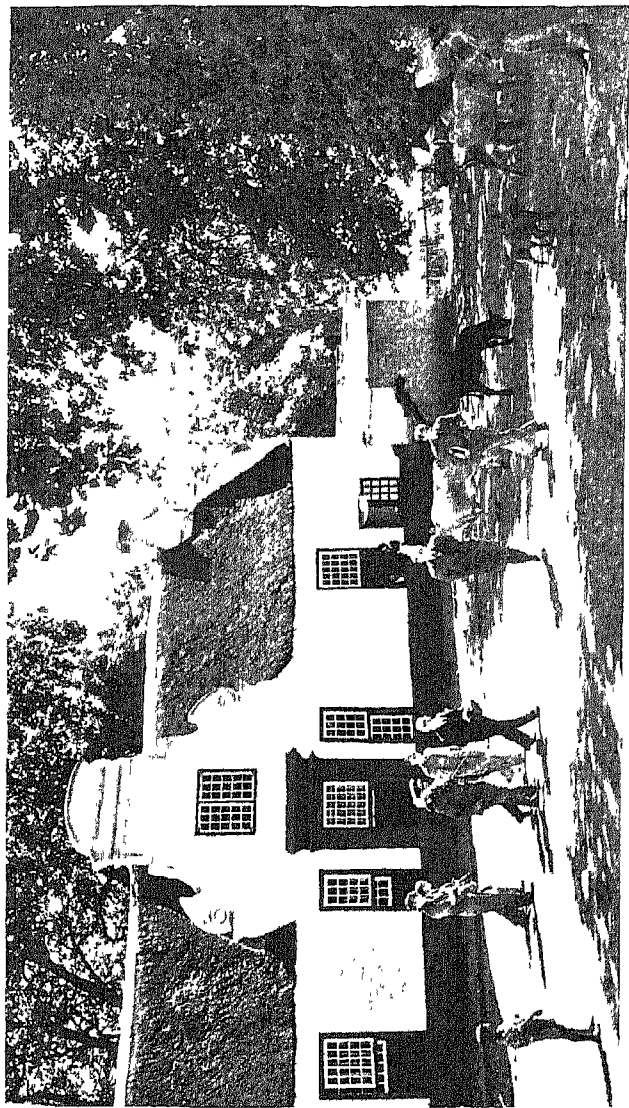
centre, which boasts a first-class university and numerous other educational institutions.

Stellenbosch is, with the exception of Cape-town, the oldest settlement in South Africa. It was established by Simon van der Stel in 1679, and this Dutch governor immediately proceeded to plant the oak trees which to-day form beautiful leafy avenues in the trim little town, which is the centre of much Afrikaans culture.

The University was not in session, so there was none of the hilarity of a students' welcome about Stellenbosch's reception of the Prince. Nevertheless, a large crowd gathered on the Braak, the town's open space, to ovate the Prince cordially when he arrived. And he was greeted with what is surely the most unique Royal salute ever fired.

Signal cannon used in the days of the Dutch East India Company to give warning of enemy attacks and unusual events were pressed into service, and these old muzzle-loaders did their work well, although a grass fire threatened at one time to fire some of the guns prematurely.

The Prince referred, in a speech, to the widespread influence of the University, Theological College, and many other educational institutions in the town. And he delighted the crowd when he mentioned the dominating part Stellenbosch has played in the development of Rugby football, South Africa's national game. "The part which your own University has played in the development of Rugby football is widely known," said His Royal Highness, who pro-



PRINCE GEORGE AND PARTY AT SCHOONGELICHT, NEAR STELLENBOSCH, CAPE PROVINCE

This is a typical example of old Dutch architecture





ceeded also to pay a tribute to the "sportsmanship and abilities of your players."

After lunching in the John Murray House, the magnificent men's residence at the University, the Prince motored to some of the well-known farms in the district, including Rustenburg, the delightful farm belonging to Lord de Villiers, who received the Prince at the homestead and conducted him round the farm. Three days later Lord de Villiers died with tragic suddenness. At Schoongezicht, formerly the home of the late Mr. John X. Merriman, a famous South African statesman, the Prince watched the various processes of wine-making, and as he did so he plucked mulberries from a tree and ate them.

Finally the Prince drove through the pleasant avenues back to Capetown, and as his car travelled along, an oak tree was pointed out to him as the most stately in all the Stellenbosch district. "That indeed is high praise," the Prince remarked, "for I have seen nothing but fine trees all day."

## CHAPTER VI

### Table Mountain Climbed

ON Friday afternoon, 9th February, the Prince endured another hand-shaking "marathon" when at a Garden Party at Westbrooke he personally greeted 5,000 guests. From half-past three o'clock until twenty minutes past five the Prince, with the Governor-General and Lady Clarendon, received guests at what was one of the most brilliant social functions of the season. Towards five o'clock it was suggested to the Prince that he should stop shaking hands, but His Royal Highness replied that he would continue as he did not desire to disappoint the guests who had waited so long. When the last guests had been presented, a crowd of ladies and gentlemen who had been watching the reception, spontaneously applauded the Prince for his feat.

The magnificent lawns of Westbrooke had been rolled to velvety smoothness, and the scene was a pleasant one as on a perfect summer's afternoon beautifully dressed ladies wandered across them to the flower beds which were a blaze of colour. In the background rose the steep wooded slopes of Table Mountain.



GUESTS AT THE GARDEN PARTY AT WESTBROOK  
CAPE TOWN

Vice-Admiral Evans chatting to Miss Rosemary Ellis (right) and  
Mrs. Piet van der Byl



The coloured people of the Cape Peninsula, who number well over one hundred thousand, form an important part of its population. In fact, they provide most of the semi-skilled and unskilled labour of Capetown. Consequently it was decided that they should have an opportunity of their own of welcoming the Prince, who consented to attend a non-European reception and ball in the City Hall. His Royal Highness received a magnificent reception when he arrived at the thronged hall, and in eloquent speeches the leaders of the coloured community affirmed their loyalty to the throne. They presented the Prince with a handsome stinkwood casket, with a model of Table Mountain inlaid in yellow wood, and clasps wrought in gold by coloured craftsmen. The Prince was obviously delighted with the splendid gift, and assured the coloured people that he would treasure it. He left the hall to the strains of "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow."

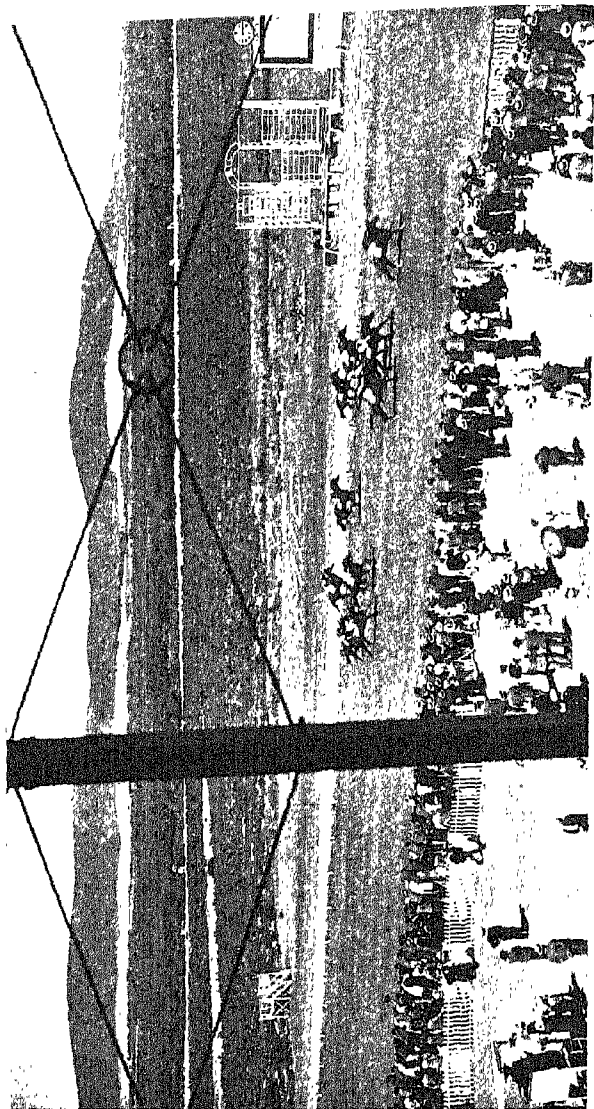
The Prince's first week-end in South Africa was crowded with a varied assortment of engagements. On Saturday he attended a race meeting at Milnerton—another important social event—later motoring to Sea Point, Capetown's northern seaside suburb, where he visited Mrs. M. T. Steyn, widow of President Steyn, the last President of the Orange Free State. The old lady was too ill to attend any functions, so the Prince decided to call on her—a gracious act which brought pleasure to many. The Prince spent about an hour with her, taking tea and

chatting to her about the old days in the Free State.

The Prince's liking for physical exercise was given full rein when on Sunday, 11th February, he climbed Table Mountain in the company of General Smuts and Lord Hyde. Early in the morning the Prince attended Divine Service in St. George's Cathedral. Changing into a blue shirt and khaki shorts at Westbrooke, the Prince motored to Kirstenbosch, the splendid national botanical gardens at Wynberg, where all descriptions of South Africa's wild flora are grown and studied. The ascent was made via Skeleton Gorge, which rises steeply above Kirstenbosch.

Despite his 64 years, General Smuts is still a vigorous mountain climber, and many of his week-ends are spent clambering up and about the noble piles which surround Capetown. But he found an equally energetic climber in Prince George, who set such a hot pace that General Smuts' personal record for the ascent was easily broken.

As the party made their way through the gardens to the Gorge, the Prince saw on Wynberg Hill the Peninsula's much prized silver-leaf trees shimmering in the morning sun as a light breeze gently rustled them. And as he climbed the Prince noticed all manner of wild flowers, and now and again the party would halt while General Smuts, who is an expert botanist, explained the peculiarities of the species to the Prince.



AT MILNERTON, CAPE TOWN, WHERE PRINCE GEORGE ATTENDED THE RACES  
The finish of the Western Province Merchants Handicap





The Prince appeared to enjoy the climb very much indeed as, hatless, he pushed along. It was his first taste of the joys of an outing in South African sunshine. Later he spent many such days in the open, always declining to wear a hat—a tendency which gave the medical officers cause for a good deal of anxiety. But the Prince was in such splendid physical condition that he could stand much more sun and infinitely more exercise than most of the people whose duty it was to accompany him on his travels. He sun-bathed as often as possible, and at the slightest excuse changed into shorts and a blue shirt. On one occasion, in Southern Rhodesia, at the Victoria Falls, after standing in the Rain Forest in front of the Main Cataract until he was soaked to the skin, the Prince peeled off his shirt and carried it. Most visitors go into the Rain Forest clad in macintoshes. The Prince definitely declined to look at a macintosh. He seemed to welcome every opportunity of exposing his body to the rays of the sun, and he left African shores browned to a deeper tan than are most South Africans.

But to return to the mountain climb—the Prince and General Smuts walked along the summit of the mountain to Maclear's Beacon, the highest point, where the Prince saw the memorial erected by mountaineers to their colleagues who died in the Great War. After lunching at the restaurant attached to the Mountain Cableway, the Prince changed into a lounge suit and descended the mountain by

the cableway. General Smuts still scorns the cableway and descended on foot.

The Prince was lucky enough to see, as he descended, the much-famed tablecloth pouring over the mountain. A strong south-east wind had sprung up, and in its van came the pure white mass of clouds pouring over the mountain like a waterfall. The Prince leaned out of the cableway car and gazed intently at the sight, while below him spread the panorama of Table Bay and Capetown with the magnificent Hottentots Holland and Blaauwberg Mountains forming a stately background.

On Monday the Prince paid his second visit to the country when he motored to Malmesbury and Wellington to meet the inhabitants of these flourishing towns and the farmers who gathered there from the outlying districts.

The Prince's way to Malmesbury lay through the pleasant wheat-lands of the Western Province. As the Royal car sped along the forty-nine miles of excellent road, the Prince gazed on the stubbled lands and lands already ploughed for the sowing season. And occasionally the car would flash past enormous hay wagons loaded to dizzy heights and drawn by ten sturdy mules. From the picturesque white farm houses set among clusters of trees, the farmers and their families hastened to the roadside to wave a friendly greeting to the Prince as he passed. Occasionally little knots of school children were encountered, whereupon the Prince would order



ABOVE THE CLOUDS ON TABLE MOUNTAIN PRINCE GEORGE, WITH GENERAL SMUTS

Lord Hyde (wearing hat), son of the Governor-General, is in the party



his chauffeur to slow down to enable the children to have a good chance of seeing him.

Malmesbury, with a white population of nearly 3,000, is in the centre of the granary of South Africa. Like all the towns of the Western Province, it has historic associations, having been founded nearly 200 years ago. The Prince was interested to hear that the pleasant town was the birthplace of General Smuts, his companion on the previous day's mountain climb. And it was from Malmesbury that British troops scattered ineffective shots after General Smuts when he skirted the town on his adventurous ride with a Boer commando to the shores of Table Mountain in the latter stages of the Boer War.

After the usual formal welcome, the Prince had morning tea—a South African habit to which he had been introduced at Paarl. Many farmers attended the civic luncheon, at which the Prince told them he had been much impressed by the great agricultural development he had seen.

A pleasant drive of twenty miles brought the Prince to Wellington, another important rural town at the foot of the lofty Drakenstein Mountains. Here the Prince saw mile after mile of well-kept orchards, much of whose delicious fruit finds its way to the British market.

A feature of another cordial reception was an unrehearsed incident when a girl stepped forward and pinned a flower in the Prince's buttonhole. His Royal Highness smilingly enquired the name of the flower and was told that it was a Disa, a rare wild orchid. The Prince

also saw for the first time some specimens of the Protea, South Africa's national flower. He carried away a couple of fine blooms with him when he left the town at four o'clock.

## CHAPTER VII

### In the Train

ON Tuesday, 13th February, the Prince's stay of eight strenuous days in Capetown ended when at 12.15 he entered the Royal Train to begin a lightning tour which involved travelling about ten thousand miles in something less than two months.

The Royal Train deserves a mention. Popularly known as the White Train, because all the coaches (except the new locally built dining-saloon, the Protea, which was blue and cream) were painted pure white, the train was the most luxurious ever assembled by the South African Railways. The coaches used by the Prince and his suite were those normally reserved for the Governor-General. They represented the last word in travelling comfort on a comparatively narrow gauge track, and the Prince and his staff frequently voiced their appreciation of the satisfactory manner in which the Railway Department had provided for their comfort. Besides a private study and writing room adjoining his bedroom, the Prince had the use of two lounges and a private dining-room. And to



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beguile away the many hours he spent in the train, a piano and a gramradio instrument were installed in one lounge. A well-equipped library included a full range of the latest South African works, and the Prince found much of interest in the pages of these books.

It said much for the favourable impression the Prince had made on the Peninsula, that there were tens of thousands of people in the streets to cheer him on his way to the station. Again wearing a white naval uniform—indeed, this was the only uniform the Prince wore throughout his tour—the Prince drove slowly through the city's main thoroughfares to the railway station, smilingly acknowledging the cheers that followed his progress.

At the station itself His Royal Highness inspected a guard of honour mounted by the Capetown Highlanders, and then entered the station buildings to bid farewell to the gathering of distinguished South Africans who awaited him on the platform.

As soon as the Prince arrived, General Hertzog stepped forward, and with an infectious smile said good-bye to the Prince, who took the opportunity of thanking him personally for the kind reception he had received. After shaking hands with the representatives of the country's varied life who had come to join in the farewell, the Prince entered his saloon and the long white train of ten coaches slowly and silently slid down the platform. As it moved, a Royal salute boomed out from the old Castle, aeroplanes



GROUP IN THE GROUNDS OF WESTBROOKE, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S SUMMER RESIDENCE  
*Left to right, standing:* Lieut. Lord Hugh Beresford, Lord Hyde, Capt. L. du Toit, Capt R. S. Schreiber,  
 Major Ulick Alexander, Major Humphrey Butler, Colonel the Hon. C. M. Hore-Ruthven, Lieut. S. L. Tyrwhitt  
*Seated:* Lord Clarendon, Governor-General of South Africa, H.R.H. Prince George, and Lady Clarendon



droned overhead, and the cheers of the thousands of people in the city streets reached the Prince's ears in ever fading volume as the train gathered speed. Taking a glimpse at Table Mountain, which steadily receded as the sandy stretches of the Cape Flats advanced, the Prince turned into his bedroom to change into a lounge suit before sitting down to a lunch of South African dishes.

A quarter of an hour before the White Train left, the Pilot Train, which throughout the tour preceded the White Train, slipped unostentatiously out of the station. This train carried various Government officials, photographers, and journalists.

Whatever hopes the Prince may have had of securing some rest on the train after his exhausting duties were soon shattered. Every station through which the train passed was packed with people, who cheered lustily as the train rushed along. The Prince soon had a sample of the enthusiasm his visit had aroused in the countryside, and he responded by showing himself at his coach door and acknowledging the greetings of the country people. At Wolseley, where a crowd of some hundreds of people had assembled, the Prince leaned out of a window and, despite the fierce heat, remained there until the train was well out of the station.

The first halt was made at Worcester where, in the course of a busy hour, the Prince was formally welcomed by the Mayor as well as by representatives of the neighbouring town of Ceres, which his Royal Highness unfortunately

was unable to visit. Worcester's enthusiasm was unbounded, and provided the Prince with a happy introduction to the spontaneity of the welcome extended to him in the country towns.

The Prince's first night in the train was a memorable one. After dinner the Prince settled down to a quiet rest with a book and the gram-radio set, but his peace was disturbed by the cheers of little groups of farmers who gathered at wayside stations to greet him. The night-long vigil of some of these country-folk afforded remarkable proof of the interest aroused by the Royal visit. At some watering-places there were no platforms and the people could not look into the train. One wily farmer, however, was prepared for such an eventuality. He made himself a pair of stilts and, perched on these and with a storm-lantern dangling from his belt, he awaited the arrival of the White Train.

About midnight the Prince decided to retire. Before doing so he leant out of the window of his coach for a last breath of fresh air. The train had stopped at a siding for water and there was the usual little batch of farmers. The Prince's face was obscured to them by the brightness of the saloon lights behind him. After a few minutes of chattering, a woman detached herself from the group, and, approaching the Prince, asked in English if he could tell her where the Prince was. The Prince, with a smile, looked at Major Alexander, his Comptroller, who was also leaning out of a window, and replied, "I am the Prince." The

woman, however, was sceptical. She returned to the farmers, none of whom could speak English, and discussed the matter with them. Major Alexander in the meantime endeavoured to assure the woman that it was really the Prince who was at the window. The Prince, greatly enjoying the situation, turned his head to make a remark to Major Alexander. As he did so the woman recognised his profile. Rather flurried, she hastened to tell the news to the farmers. They, however, were still incredulous, and one old man actually said in Afrikaans that it was not the Prince. The problem was eventually solved when he lifted a storm lantern high above his head and the light fell on the Prince's face. The farmers were rather embarrassed, but the Prince spoke to the woman for some time, expressing concern that the children should be kept up till so late an hour to see him, and hoping that they would be hurried off to bed. The train soon pulled out, and the Prince was sent on his way with a hearty cheer from the reassured farmers.



## CHAPTER VIII

### In the South-Western Districts

WHEN the Prince awoke on Wednesday morning, 14th February, and looked out of his window, he saw an enormous bay, and tugs and lighters floating only a few yards from his train. In the early hours of the morning the White Train had arrived at Mossel Bay and had pulled into the siding which skirts the shore. After the previous day's heat, the travellers appreciated the cool sea breeze which blew through the windows as they dressed.

The Prince was to be formally welcomed on the station platform at nine o'clock. Long before that time, however, a crowd had collected, and among the early arrivals was a coloured brass band, whose greatest ambition was realised when they were selected to provide the music at the function. Unfortunately they took their task so seriously, and were so determined not to miss their duty, that every time anybody alighted from the White Train the band started off with the National Anthem. The position became so desperate that many officials left the train on the far side and walked round on to the platform.

Eventually at 9 a.m. the band did the right thing, for as somebody left the train they played the National Anthem with great enthusiasm. It was the Prince this time!

Mossel Bay is a pretty little town at the foot of a hill on the south side of the Bay. The ancient European mariners who risked their lives in sailing along the African coast, knew Mossel Bay. Bartholomew Diaz called there in 1487, and Vasco da Gama touched there in 1497. The Prince referred to these historical facts in the course of his reply to the town's address of welcome, and added, "*Now I am told you are renowned, among other things, for your oysters,*" a tilt at the town's flourishing oyster industry that brought a laugh from the crowd.

This day was also notable because the Admiralty announced that Prince George had been promoted to the rank of commander. Also, on this day some 12,000 short-term prisoners were released from the Union's gaols in accordance with the amnesty declared by the Government to commemorate the Royal visit.

Travelling through delightful scenery the train, drawn by two engines, slowly climbed from Mossel Bay to the pretty town of George, which lies at the base of the Outeniqua Mountains. This railway line is aptly known as the Garden Route, and the sight that met the Prince's gaze amply justified this description. Hundreds of feet below the railway track long Indian Ocean breakers crashed on the beach, sending up clouds of spray. Little seaside

cottages and farm houses nestled on the hillside, while above towered the magnificent mountain range.

A short stop was made at Great Brak River, a beautifully situated village about a mile from the sea. Here a little crowd of a couple of hundred people gave the Prince an impromptu reception. The Prince, entering into the spirit of the occasion, mounted a table, and in a few well-chosen words, thanked the people for their welcome, and especially for two baskets of magnificent flowers presented to him by two little girls. And the school children cheered frantically when the Prince requested that they should be given a holiday.

In George, the town bearing his name, the Prince had an especially enthusiastic reception, which was extremely well arranged. Apart from being the centre of an important agricultural district, George is the seat of an Anglican diocese, and was named after King George the Third. In 1911 the town, which now has over six thousand inhabitants, celebrated its centenary, when the present King presented a Bible and prayer book to St. Mark's Cathedral. Prince George visited the Cathedral and signed this Bible.

His Royal Highness drove through the wide oak-lined streets, which are bordered with streams of running water, to the Garden of Remembrance, which is the town's memorial to the citizens killed in the Great War. Placed at the end of expansive green lawns, the memorial

takes the form of a lily pond of hewn rock on which are inscribed the names of the dead men. With simple but impressive ceremony the Prince unveiled this memorial, ministers of all religious denominations participating in the brief service.

In the afternoon a crowd of four thousand gave the Prince a rousing reception when he visited the Show Ground to receive addresses of welcome. There was an unusually large gathering of children (George is an important educational centre), and the Prince spent some time walking up and down their ranks. Later in the day the Prince secured some much-desired exercise by playing golf with Colonel Mitchell Baker, a former Chief of Staff.

The Prince made up for the hours of enforced inactivity on the train by indulging in vigorous exercise whenever possible. He played a good deal of squash during his travels, and later in the tour he did some long-distance running and walking. He set an example of physical fitness which nobody else on the train could equal. Almost on the second day in the train His Royal Highness made a considerable cut in the menus presented to him. On the first night a tempting seven-course dinner was provided. Although appreciative of everything done for him, the Prince instructed that dinner must be confined to three courses—usually fish, poultry, and a soufflé. Dos Santos, the highly qualified chef, whose duty it was to prepare the Prince's food, once ruefully shook his head when all his tempting suggestions were turned down, and

sighed, "There is no room for an artist here." The Prince breakfasted almost daily on fruit, and he enjoyed the choice qualities which were forwarded specially to the White Train direct from the Union's vast orchards. Lunch was always the lightest of meals, sometimes consisting of only a few sandwiches when the Prince was motoring.

From George, the White Train, still drawn by two giant locomotives, puffed laboriously up the steep Outeniqua Mountain, over which the railway track and road run via Montagu Pass to Oudtshoorn. As the train approached the summit of the mountain on the morning of Thursday, 15th February, clouds swept down the mountain and enveloped the train, robbing the Prince of the magnificent view to the sea which he would otherwise have had. They also created a difficult position for the engine-drivers, who worked hard to coax their engines over the slippery rails. Eventually, just as the train was in the tunnel at the summit, the wheels simply refused to grip, and sped round uselessly on the rails, while the engine drivers choked in the belching smoke. They did the only thing possible—shunted the train back a couple of hundred yards and had sand put on the rails in the tunnel. After that, progress was easy, and Camfer, a little siding where a halt was made, was soon reached.

Another of the happy little episodes with which the tour abounded occurred here. After the Prince had shaken hands with the few farmers on the station and accepted a magnificent basket

of fruit from them, he observed a little group of four poorly clad men standing apart from the others. These men were "bywoners," a rather poor type of tenant farmer. Walking over to them, the Prince smilingly shook hands with them. When they had recovered from their surprise the old men's faces burst into smiles.

Situated at the end of a wide valley on the banks of the Grobbelaars River, Oudtshoorn gave the Prince a welcome equal to any he had so far received in the country districts. Oudtshoorn has known better days, but is still a prosperous little town of about ten thousand inhabitants, of whom about half are Europeans. In the hectic days of the ostrich feather boom it was the prosperous headquarters of the industry, and the many fine stone buildings bear testimony to the flourishing conditions of those times. Oudtshoorn knows only too well what the fickleness of fashion means, but when ladies stopped wearing ostrich feathers the farmers, with stoic resignation, accepted the position and settled down to less remunerative mixed farming. They also turned their attention to tobacco, which grows exceedingly well in the district. Oudtshoorn rapidly adjusted itself to a new and quieter life, and is managing to hold its own very well indeed.

After a typically splendid welcome on the sports ground, the Prince motored to Bakenskraal, a well known ostrich farm belonging to Mr. John H. le Roux. Shepherded by his host and hostess, His Royal Highness entered a paddock where some ostriches were sitting on eggs. Mrs.

le Roux displayed some anxiety for the Prince's safety, but the notoriously savage birds behaved themselves and permitted the Prince to inspect them at close quarters. Subsequently the Prince stood under a mulberry tree while native servants drove a flock of about fifty birds past him. As he watched the birds covering the ground swiftly with their long loping gait, the Prince plucked mulberries and ate them.

Many farmers assembled in the town for the civic luncheon at which the Prince was received to the unusual strains of "Abide with me." The youth in charge of the gramophone which was to provide the music of the National Anthem, became so flurried at the sight of the Prince that he played the wrong side of the record!

Apart from ostriches, Oudtshoorn is well known for the marvellous Cango Caves, which are considered to be among the finest stalactite caverns in the world. Clad in a blue shirt and grey flannels, the Prince explored the caves thoroughly, often expressing amazement to the guide at the marvellous formations which met his eyes as the skilfully hidden electric floodlights were switched on in varying beautiful colours. In earlier years, before the installation of electric light, visitors explored the caves with the aid of torches. No doubt the coming of electric light has deprived the caves of much of their eeriness, but it has enabled visitors to gain a much better idea of the immensity of the various chambers.

The caves have been explored for two miles, but appear to extend still further. The Prince



PRINCE GEORGE AT A FAMOUS OSTRICH FARMS AT BAKENSKRAAL, CAPE PROVINCE

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penetrated them to a depth of a mile and a half. He was intrigued by a natural statue which bears a close resemblance to Queen Victoria. He admired the stalactite and stalagmite formations in King Solomon's Mines, and, crouching on his haunches, he shuffled through Lumbago Walk. Unfortunately he slipped and grazed his elbow on the rocks.

## CHAPTER IX

### Port Elizabeth

FROM the ostrich and tobacco-growing district of Oudtshoorn the Prince passed during the night into the prickly pear and wool country of the Eastern Province. And all through the night little knots of people extended their modest but sincere welcomes to the Prince. At Snyberg Siding the Prince talked to a youngster of 14 who had walked two miles to the railway from his father's farm to catch a glimpse of the Prince. He said he remembered when he was five years of age seeing the Prince of Wales, and he was not going to miss the opportunity of seeing "another Prince."

The Prince looked out at the siding and the happy youngster walked through the night back to his farm to relate his exciting experience to his parents.

An hour was spent at Uitenhage, an important railway centre, 21 miles from Port Elizabeth, where 6,000 people cheered enthusiastically as the Prince walked the short distance from the railway station to the Town Hall to receive an address of welcome.

Port Elizabeth excelled itself when the Prince arrived there at 11 o'clock on Friday morning, 16th February. The thousands of people who were crammed into the confined spaces around the station and in the Market Square cheered themselves hoarse as the Prince, after being welcomed on the platform by the Mayor and other prominent citizens, emerged from the station and entered his car for a triumphal drive through the city's streets to St. George's Park. The city was tastefully decorated, and the Prince drove under a handsome arch specially erected for the occasion at the entrance to the Market Square.

If the Prince's reception in the town itself was impressive, it is not an exaggeration to say that the greeting he received at the Park was almost overwhelming. The crowd, officially estimated to be 17,400, cheered him all the way from his car to the centre of the large sports field. The field was surrounded by high stands which carried serried rows of school children, whose multi-coloured dresses and suits added a colourful touch to the impressive scene. For over an hour the Prince inspected ex-service men, cadets, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Cubs and Brownies, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve and Naval Cadet units, Voortrekkers, Wayfarers, and the Moslem Boys' Brigade. And then he walked round the ground in front of the stands, while ten thousand children cheered him to the echo. The Prince also visited the portion of the ground reserved for natives. Here about 600 natives, representing Port Elizabeth's native population of 20,000, gave him

a special greeting and conferred upon him the name of "Ah Gweliya Nyikima," which means, "Ah Thou Trembling World." The idea behind this name appeared to be rather involved, but one gathered from the natives that they regarded the power of the Royal Family as unlimited, and the world would quake at the Prince's bidding.

Around the dais on the field were many representatives of the city's life. The Mayor made a rousing speech in which he declared that the city had grown in importance, size and population since the Prince of Wales had visited them in 1925, but that the loyalty and devotion of its citizens, and those who had come in from the surrounding districts to see the Prince, was even greater than ever. The crowd loudly endorsed this assertion, and the applause was renewed when the Mayor presented to the Prince two beautiful karosses, one made of mohair and the other of springbok skins, each bearing the coat of arms of Port Elizabeth.

His Royal Highness touched on many matters of local importance in his reply. He referred to the fact that the intrepid band of English settlers who came to South Africa in 1820, and whose influence on the country's life has been considerable, landed at Port Elizabeth; he spoke with interest of the new harbour that has been built to shelter the ships from the treacherous gales of Algoa Bay; and he said he was pleased to hear that there was an improvement in the wool market, which is a matter of



PRINCE GEORGE INSPECTING NATIVE GIRL GUIDES  
AND CADETS AT PORT ELIZABETH

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intimate concern to Port Elizabeth, which is the chief wool port of the Union. "I trust you have better times in store than you have had," concluded His Royal Highness, "and that 'business as usual'—that one time well-known slogan—will be recoined, and the slogan 'more business than usual' will take its place here and throughout the Union."

Nobody visits Port Elizabeth without seeing the splendid snake-park which has been built by Mr. F. W. Fitzsimons, a world-known authority on snakes. Apart from providing an attraction for tourists, Mr. Fitzsimons has done much research work of inestimable value in his snake park, and his first-aid outfits for snake bites have saved the lives of many people. The Prince found so much to interest him at the snake park that his scheduled stay of ten minutes was increased to half an hour. Under Mr. Fitzsimons' guidance, the Prince watched Johannes, the native keeper, parade seven baskets of snakes. Johannes seized snake after snake and pressed its fangs against the cover of a glass container to show the Prince how the poison is extracted for the manufacture of anti-snake-bite serum. Finally Johannes draped a huge python around his head, and the Prince fearlessly stroked the reptile.

The afternoon and evening were occupied with various social engagements. It was regrettable, but unavoidable, that the Prince could spend only twelve hours in the second largest city in the Cape Province.



## CHAPTER X

### A Well-earned Holiday

GRAHAMSTOWN, commonly called the "City of Saints" because of its large number of churches, was reached on Saturday, 17th February. Now known throughout the country as one of the most important educational centres in the Union, Grahamstown's peaceful atmosphere gives no clue to its stirring history and the days when battles were waged around it to extend the scope of European civilisation and stem the advance of barbarism. And it was at Grahamstown that Dick King completed his heroic ride on horseback from Durban to secure reinforcements for his hard-pressed colleagues in Natal.

Founded in 1812 by Colonel Graham and Captain Stockenstroom as an outpost against Kaffir encroachments, Grahamstown saw troublous days until the removal of Sandile's tribe across the Thomas River in 1853 brought much-needed relief to the town. It was only natural that many of the 1820 settlers who landed at Port Elizabeth, about one hundred miles from Grahamstown, should find their way to the border town, where many of their descendants still live and exert

considerable and beneficial influence over the city's affairs.

In this city of rich historical associations, Prince George received a royal welcome, in which school children from the city's many colleges and schools predominated. There were several pleasant gatherings in the pretty and fertile gardens which appear to abound in this town nestling on the slopes of the Zuurberg Mountains.

After attending Divine Service in the Cathedral of St. Michael and St. George on Sunday, the Prince motored to Port Alfred, a quiet pleasure resort at the mouth of the Kowie River, 43 miles from Grahamstown. Taking the wheel himself, the Prince drove the car with considerable skill over roads made slippery by overnight rain. He lunched on sandwiches at a pleasant spot at the roadside, and on reaching Port Alfred immediately proceeded to the house which had been placed at his disposal for his brief holiday of three days. It was a welcome and well-earned break, which, however, was unfortunately overshadowed by the tragic death of the King of the Belgians.

For three days the Prince played golf, sunbathed, and drove his car along country roads, accompanied only by members of his staff. He enjoyed this break away from crowds and functions, especially as the programme from his landing at Capetown had been an exceptionally heavy one. And when he resumed his official duties on Thursday, 22nd February, he looked the picture of health.

## CHAPTER XI

### With the Ciskei Natives

**K**ING WILLIAM'S TOWN, the pretty border town, about forty miles from East London, was lucky enough to see the Prince and his staff in the splendour of their full-dress uniforms. The wearing of uniforms was confined to the various Provincial capital cities and to official native gatherings. At King William's Town the Prince met representatives of the Ciskeian native tribes, and he attended their function in the white uniform of a naval commander, with the Garter Ribbon a conspicuous decoration. The multi-coloured uniforms of his staff added to the brilliance of the procession as it emerged from the railway station into the bright sunshine of a perfect day.

Like the other border towns, King William's Town, once an outpost of white civilisation, saw stirring days in the early part of the last century, but now it has settled down to a sedate existence as an important native centre and a manufacturing town.

In formally welcoming the Prince, the Mayor recalled that the town owed its existence to a

London missionary, the Reverend John Brownlee, who took up a position on the banks of the Buffalo River. "There he stood, in one hand the Bible, in the other his life," said the Mayor. This intrepid missionary founded King William's Town over a hundred years ago, and it was interesting to note that his grandson, Colonel J. T. Brownlee, D.S.O., was in command of the splendid parade of ex-service men which the Prince inspected.

The Mayor was full of interesting facts to which the Prince, who sat in the heat of a fierce sun, listened with close attention. On 24th May, 1835, King William's Town was officially declared a town by the Governor, Sir Benjamin d'Urban. "24th May has a special significance for us," said the Mayor. "It was the date of our official founding, the date of the birth of the great, good and wise Queen Victoria, and it was the date of the birth of that great and gallant Dutchman, General J. C. Smuts." And the crowd of four thousand people cheered enthusiastically as these facts were reeled off.

The Prince walked at the head of a long procession of military and civil officials to an adjacent ground where three thousand natives gave him a typically loyal but entirely respectful welcome. Chattering excitedly as the imposing procession advanced to a covered dais, the natives, wide-eyed and open-mouthed watched an n'bongi (witch doctor), clad in a leopard's skin, prance about a few yards in front of the Prince haranguing the gathering with extravagant descriptions of

the Prince's virtues and those of his Royal house.

A loud shout, " Bayete " (Hail) greeted the Prince as he took his seat on the dais, accompanied by Mr. M. G. Apthorp, Chief Native Commissioner of the Cape Province, who addressed the natives, an interpreter repeating his words. He assured the Prince that the native's greeting came not only from his lips but from his heart—a statement that brought murmurs of approval from the natives who, tightly packed together, stood in the blazing sun with beads of perspiration trickling down their faces from their uncovered heads.

Mr. Apthorp told the Prince that the natives present represented a population of six hundred thousand from thirty-five districts of the Ciskeian area of the Province. Many had come very long distances, in many instances as far as 400 miles, to see the Prince.

The seven recognised chiefs of the area were presented to the Prince, and as each came forward to bow low in the Royal presence, he brought with him little gifts of native work, or assegais, or a shield, which were laid at the Prince's feet. These chiefs were dressed in commonplace European lounge suits, which, together with the trim clothes of the native school children, provided testimony to the civilising influence of a hundred years of contact with white people. If this contact has not been entirely beneficial to the native, as is maintained by some people, it has at least not deprived the native of his innate

courtesy. Nothing could have been more respectful than the attitude of these seven chiefs in the Prince's presence.

The principal chief was Archie Sandile of the Amagaika tribe. This very ordinary looking native, who so picturesquely presented assegais to the Prince and in turn received a gold-mounted walking stick bearing the Royal crest, is the scion of a noble family. He is the great-grandson of the great Chief Sandile, who, holding a fearful power over his tribe, caused the British troops a good deal of trouble. He owed his end, however, to his chivalrous action in going to the assistance of the hard-pressed Galeka tribe who were waging a war with the white people in 1878. He was a brave fighter, but was no match for the British soldiers, and he was compelled to seek refuge in the fastnesses of the Pirie Mountains. The war degenerated into a siege, and eventually Sandile and his men were starved out, Sandile's body being subsequently found in a crevice which was named Sandile's Krantz.

The six other chiefs received silver-mounted walking sticks from the Prince, who, addressing the natives, referred to "the well-known respect and reverence accorded by the native people to the memory of my great-grandmother, the great Queen Victoria." The mention of Queen Victoria's name brought excited expressions of approval from the natives. Queen Victoria (or "Vittoree-a," as the natives pronounce it) is still a fairy godmother to the natives, who pass down from father to son glowing accounts of the

guardianship she afforded the native peoples. Modern legislation is measured by the natives in terms of Queen Victoria's actions, and an extremely suspicious eye is cast on any suggestions which seem to infringe the principles of freedom and protection as the Queen conceived them. At all his meetings with the natives the Prince heard them mention the name of his great-grandmother. To them he was the Queen's great-grandson, not the King's son. His Royal Highness was much impressed by the obvious loyalty of the natives to the Throne.

In the whole of the Ciskei the Prince is now known as "A Ngangendlovu," the native translation of "Hail, Mighty Elephant," and this name will be handed down from generation to generation. The natives shouted this name at the conclusion of the ceremony, finally singing the anthem "N'kosi Sikelela Afrika" ("God Bless Africa") with beautiful harmony. They were led by the high treble voice of Professor Jabavu of Lovedale College, whose face, as he sang, was a picture of happiness. The Prince was to hear this fascinating tune on many more occasions, usually most beautifully sung by little knots of natives on wayside stations, often in the middle of the night. The lilting tune appealed to the Prince who, on one occasion, delayed his train while some native children sang it.

Changing into mufti in the train, the Prince arrived at East London in time to attend a formal reception in the City Hall and an official luncheon. East London, like its neighbouring rival port,

Port Elizabeth, excelled itself. The train journey from King William's Town to East London, a two hours' run, gave the Prince a foretaste of what awaited him at the port. The road skirts the railway line and along it raced cars packed with excited people waving flags and handkerchiefs. As the train approached East London the number of cars rapidly increased until there must have been several hundred cars racing along perilously at break-neck speed, their hooters raucously rending the air. In fact, the Prince was literally "hooted" into East London.

In the city itself the streets were thronged with thousands of people, who cheered lustily as the Prince drove slowly from the station to the City Hall, where he inspected a smart guard of honour mounted by the Kaffrarian Rifles and the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. While he was inspecting the ex-service men an ugly situation was nipped in the bud by the tact of the police. On one side of the street the crowd was jammed about six deep on a narrow pavement, behind a line of troops. In the heat it became rather restive and some natives lost their heads. Several darted out between the troops and had to be coaxed back, but the situation was relieved when the line of troops was moved a couple of paces forward, giving the crowd much needed breathing space.

Inside the crowded hall, and before an enthusiastic audience, the Mayor assured the Prince that "East London's loyalty is unaltered



and is absolutely unalterable." And the Prince delighted the crowd when he confessed that the fascination of South Africa was securing a grip on him. "I have heard of the lure of South Africa," he said, "and I am now beginning to understand its appeal to those who have lived here for any length of time. Ever since I landed in Capetown I have had a grand, although strenuous, time, and the more I see of your country the more I find it attractive." The crowd rose and cheered him to the echo.

The King had graciously decided that the Court mourning for the King of the Belgians should not be allowed to interfere with Prince George's programme in South Africa. Nevertheless it was not to be supposed that the Prince would dance on the day of the funeral of the late monarch. It was disappointing for East London, which had arranged a great ball, but the town accepted the position sportingly, especially as the Prince proceeded to the hall to receive the guests. That done, he returned to the train which left almost immediately for the native reserves of the Transkei.

## CHAPTER XII

### In the Transkei

FROM East London the Prince's next journey was a long one of 175 miles to Umtata, the seat of the Chief Magistracy of the Native Territories and of the Transkeian Territories General Council. From this pleasant little town of two thousand white inhabitants, the vast native territories of 16,351 square miles are administered, and the affairs of about one million natives tended.

The White Train arrived at Butterworth, the gateway to these territories, on Friday morning, 23rd February. There was something extraordinarily interesting in the welcome the handful of white people, who live among hordes of natives, gave the Prince. These little groups of Europeans are dotted about the Transkei, the majority of them being Administration officials and their families. The Prince chatted with most of them, and in his speeches he emphasised the responsibility that rested on their shoulders to uphold the prestige of the white race in the native mind.

At Butterworth the Prince had an unexpected

meeting with a missionary on whose sober, clerical garb the Iron Cross was a conspicuous and unusual decoration. Father Otto Grimm is a docile, bespectacled man, who is doing splendid work among the natives. He was introduced to the Prince who immediately spotted the decoration and wanted to know all about it. Father Grimm related a story of heroism that evoked the Prince's admiration and ended with a hearty hand-shake.

Father Grimm was a stretcher-bearer in the German Army. Before the battle of Ypres, in August, 1917, the Germans were advancing to take trenches evacuated by the British forces. Grimm accompanied them one day and heard groans coming from No Man's Land. He investigated the matter and discovered that a wounded British officer had lain in No Man's Land for five days. Grimm decided that he must be rescued. He mustered a bearer party and led them over the top into No Man's Land. The little party had an uncomfortable time on their errand of succour. As they crawled along awkwardly dragging the stretcher with them, bullets from the British trenches whizzed past their ears, some of them uncomfortably close. The bearer party made heavy going and the position was rapidly becoming desperate when a British aeroplane flew overhead, probably with the object of dropping a bomb on the party. The pilot, however, noticed that they were Red Cross men and, summing up the situation with lightning rapidity, he signalled to the British troops to cease fire. This action undoubtedly saved the

German party. They reached the British officer, roughly dressed his wounds, and, placing him on the stretcher, carried him back to the safety of the trenches. The officer subsequently recovered from his wounds and Father Grimm was awarded the Iron Cross for his extremely brave action.

All day long the White Train slid silently around and over the undulating hills of the Transkei. The country was in a beautiful condition after the recent rains, which had followed a drought of such severity as to drive the natives almost to starvation. The Prince gazed over the hills to the distant mountains, gaining an excellent idea of the immensity and spaciousness of this fertile land, which had been set aside for the natives. In the distance trim little kraals, with their round huts, were dotted all over the hills. Wisps of blue smoke curled from them, naked children ran about, and sheep and cattle fed voraciously as if to make up for the lean months behind them. Little groups of natives, the women with umbrellas and the men on horseback, gazed with awe at the handsome white train. They knew a Prince was coming to visit them—news spread among native kraals with a rapidity that would make the telegraph seem slow. Many of their colleagues had gone to Umtata to attend the native gathering there. Those who saw only the train were left behind to look after the animals. The pleasant restful scene was as charming to the Prince's eye as the rugged mountain and marine scenery of the Garden Route had been grand.

Umtata was reached in the evening hour.

The Prince was escorted from the station to the Town Hall by an imposing cavalcade of fifty policemen mounted on spirited prancing horses. They were a portion of the South African Police Mobile Squadron, which is kept in readiness to deal with any trouble in any part of the country. It is hardly necessary to say that their services are rarely required.

The entire white population of Umtata assembled outside the imposing Town Hall, in front of which a dais had been erected. Here a formal welcome was extended to the Prince by the Mayor, and the Prince replied, with thunder roaring ominously overhead. Shafts of sunlight broke through the heavy clouds as the Prince inspected ex-service men, cadets and Boy Scouts, but the rain held off until the Prince had returned to the White Train.

The next day, Saturday, 24th February, was an important one for the natives. They were to have the opportunity of seeing Queen Victoria's great-grandson and to hear him speak. For days thousands of natives had been riding across country on their ponies from the distant parts of the territories, and all through the night little groups of horsemen converged on Umtata. By dawn fully ten thousand natives had reached the town, and still they came riding slowly over the hills. Leaving their thousands of horses outside the town, they marched in long, silent columns to the recreation grounds. But the weather was unkind. The rain poured down incessantly and completely robbed what would have been a

colourful ceremony of much of its splendour. If anything the rain became heavier when the Prince and his staff, in their full uniforms, arrived at the ground with the impressive escort of mounted policemen. A deep guttural native salute of "Bayete" ("Hail") swept the ground as the Prince mounted the dais in front of which were standing the twelve native chiefs who were to be presented to the Prince. But during the speeches many natives, soaked to the skin, slipped away from the ground to seek the comforts of a fireside.

The Prince was accompanied by Mr. J. M. Young, the Chief Magistrate of the Territories, who is the guide and friend of the natives. The chiefs approached the dais, and bowing low, presented a loyal address of welcome to the Prince, which was read by Chief Jeremiah Moshesh. The chiefs asked the Prince to convey to the King "our respectful greetings with the assurance of our unfaltering affection and loyalty to the great Empire over which he rules."

Assuring the chiefs that he would convey their message to the King, the Prince, whose speech was interpreted sentence by sentence, referred to that experiment in limited responsible government for the natives, known officially as the Transkeian Territories General Council, and commonly called the "Bunga," which meets annually in the handsome Council chamber recently erected in Umtata, and to which the Prince paid a visit. The Council discusses matters of concern to the territories only, and its usefulness as an avenue of expression of responsible

native opinion is held to have justified the experiment of its institution. Its resolutions are subject to the veto of the Chief Magistrate, who presides over its deliberations. Chiefs attend the Council meetings. The Prince displayed the liveliest interest in this enlightened form of self-government, and he dealt at length with it in his important speech to the natives.

"You who live in the Territories," he said, "have been given the privilege of pioneering a great step forward in the shape of your General Council. It is a step which has been watched with lively interest throughout the world by all who have at heart the welfare of the native races, and you should be proud to think that it is being copied in other parts of the Empire. In your Council you have an opportunity for the discussion of all matters affecting your welfare and prosperity, and of making representations to the Government with one voice. I understand that only recently your Council has acquired a measure of executive responsibility, and in that I foresee a steady growth of your share in the administration of your own affairs." The natives listened to these words of advice with concentrated attention.

Each of the twelve chiefs approached the Prince, and, mounting the dais with deep respectful bows every few steps, eventually fell down on their knees in front of him and presented him with small gifts of native work. Some of these gifts took the form of assegais, bead-work and walking sticks. The walking-stick presented by Chief Ngubezulu of the

Bomvana Tribe, was surmounted by a carved figure of King George. Each chief subsequently returned to the dais, and again with deep genuflections, received a walking stick from the Prince. Chief David Jongintaba was a remarkable study in contrasts. His spruce morning coat, striped trousers, and spats, were the symbol of the progress of civilisation; the abject servility of his approach to the Prince was barbaric in its conception and performance. He mounted the dais on three occasions, and one official estimated that Chief David bowed no fewer than 215 times. His face was alive with anxiety to do the right thing. The only chief to turn his back on the Prince was a fine-looking old man of 80. He was unable to descend the steps backwards, and he had no choice but to turn round, his face eloquently revealing the disappointment he felt at lagging behind his colleagues in the all-important matter of courtesy, which is part and parcel of the native's character.

The crowd dispersed in the pouring rain to partake of the thirty-two oxen which the Prince had presented to them for a meal.

The Prince's love of fresh air easily outweighed the discomforts of the rain when he readily agreed to go riding in the afternoon. Hatless and with his macintosh fastened up to the neck, the Prince rode through the pouring rain to visit the natives in their kraals, accompanied by Major Butler, Lord Hugh Beresford, and Mr. A. O. Payn, the member of Parliament for Tembuland. As the little party rode in the wind



and rain along the road winding over the hills, motor cars passed them, splashing mud in all directions, their drivers unaware of the identity of the riders. One particularly large splash of mud caught the Prince, who merely laughed heartily, the rain pouring through his hair and down his face. A few miles out of town the horsemen left the road and cut across country to a native kraal, where the occupants were busy preparing the meat given them earlier by the Prince. At the approach of the white men the native women rushed inside their huts. One native recognised the Prince and revealed his identity to the other natives. They all respectfully saluted the Prince while the awed women peeped through the cracks. One native addressed the Prince through Mr. Payn, who acted as interpreter. "We are pleased you have come to see us in our kraal," he told the Prince. "It shows us that you are interested in seeing us and interested in our welfare. We ask you to tell the great King you saw and spoke to us, and that we are his loyal subjects even though we are so far away from him." The Prince promised to convey this message to his father. The natives then beckoned to the women to come out, and when they timidly appeared, the Prince, through Mr. Payn, plied them with questions about kraal life. Eventually the party rode away across country to Mr. Payn's farm, whence, after tea, the Prince motored back to the train.

Leaving Umtata that night the train doubled back on its tracks and the Prince had an unbroken

spell of thirty-six hours of travelling. From the sweeping, undulating green hills of the Transkei, through the delightful scenery of the Border districts, the Prince travelled to the cactus and sheep country of the Karroo, with its jackal-proof fencing erected to protect the country's valuable sheep against the depredations of wild animals.

But it was not a period of rest for the Prince. Every wayside station had its quota of European and native gatherings to give him a cheer as he passed and hoping to catch a glimpse of him. Consequently the Prince, always eager to respond to the people's friendliness, was compelled to spend a good deal of time at his saloon door, or jumping in and out of the train. It was significant that on this long journey the train passed many groups of farmers who had motored or ridden from their farms in the district to the railway line. They came without any assurance of seeing the Prince, and their presence at the track-side was the surest testimony to the unanimity of the Union's welcome to the Prince.

Determined to have his daily exercise, the Prince alighted from the train at a railway watering tank about three miles south of Middledrift. The train proceeded on its way, and the Prince and Major Butler followed it briskly walking along the dusty road. Maintaining a good pace, they walked to Middledrift, where they rejoined the train.

In the evening occurred one of those amusing incidents which rather emphasised the

delightful informality of the tour and the friendly feeling which accompanied the Prince's progress through the country. A stop was made at night at Cookhouse, in the heart of the sheep country, to change engines. The Prince, accompanied by a couple of members of his staff—all of them had discarded their jackets because of the heat—strolled along the platform to hear a choir of native children sing their fascinating native anthems. A crowd of farmers, many of them unable to speak English, gathered around the Prince. Somebody complained that he could not see the Prince, whereupon a bulky farmer, whose face radiated good humour, approached the Prince, and, speaking in Afrikaans, offered to lift him up to enable the people to see him. Suiting his action to his words, he approached to clasp the Prince round the waist, but the members of the staff intervened and the Prince suggested that he should mount the steps of the train, which he did. A loud cheer greeted him, and everybody was satisfied.

## CHAPTER XIII

### In the Sheep Country

THE Prince's itinerary had been arranged so that he should have an opportunity of seeing as many phases of South Africa's life as possible in the limited time available. It was inevitable, therefore, that he should visit the Karroo, the vast plateau in the Cape Province, extending over one hundred thousand square miles, and which sweeps to a mountain range within fifty miles of the coast, whence the mountains drop steeply to the sea. The Karroo is forbidding-looking country to the visitor. It is flat, uninteresting veld, traversed by deep gullies which are usually dry. But it is extremely healthy country to live in, and is eminently suitable for sheep farming. In fact, it is one of the principal sheep areas of the Union, and much of the country's fine wool comes from the Karroo.

Graaff Reinet, the oldest and largest town in the Midland Districts, was selected for the Prince's visit, and there on Monday, 26th February, he received a loyal and cordial reception from a population predominantly Afrikaans-speaking. Graaff Reinet had made enthusiastic preparations to receive the Prince. Triumphal

arches were erected and decorations arranged, but three days before the Prince's arrival much of the work was destroyed by a severe hailstorm which swept over the town. The arches were destroyed, and thousands of window-panes smashed to smithereens. The Railway Administration alone lost seven hundred panes of glass. The townspeople, however, immediately set about the work of repairing the damage, and so energetically did they work that when the Prince arrived there was little evidence of the storm.

Leaving the station in fierce Karroo heat, the Prince was escorted to the shady Municipal Gardens by a mounted commando of forty sturdy farmers clad in khaki slacks and white shirts, and riding shaggy but hardy horses. Banners strung across the streets informed the Prince that the "Gem of the Karroo" welcomed him. There were several gatherings of children in Graaff Reinet, and the Prince, as always, paid special attention to them. He talked to the children and gave them the sound advice to "Talk straight, think straight, and act straight."

The neighbouring towns of Aberdeen, Murraysburg, Somerset East, Jansenville, and Pearston sent representatives to participate in Graaff Reinet's formal welcome to His Royal Highness, who undertook to convey to the King the expressions of loyalty that were voiced.

Making his last speech in the Cape Province, the Prince revealed some of his impressions. "During the last fortnight," he said, "I have travelled through some of the finest scenery and

most fertile lands of this Province, and have been deeply interested and much impressed by all I have seen." He referred with appreciation to the fruit-growing industry of the Province, and he expressed the opinion that the climate was admirably suited to agriculture in all its branches. Obviously the Cape Province had made a favourable impression on the Prince, whose speech was extremely well translated by the Reverend Bening Malan, the Dutch Reformed Church Minister.

It has been said that the Karroo is rather unprepossessing country to look at. Consequently it is not to be expected that Karroo towns possess places of scenic beauty, but Graaff Reinet is the exception. About three miles from the town, facing the Spandau Kop, is the Valley of Desolation, a confused grouping of columnar basaltic pillars rising to a height of nearly four hundred feet. A road has been constructed to the summit of the mountain whence a marvellous view across many miles of country to the distant mountain ranges is obtainable. The Prince enjoyed an *al fresco* luncheon at this spot. Discarding his jacket and donning smoked sunglasses, the Prince settled down on a rock overlooking the Valley, and Boy Scouts provided a luncheon of typical South African dishes cooked at an open camp fire. Despite the intense heat, the Prince appeared to enjoy the novelty of his surroundings, and he chatted animatedly with Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Pollard, who motored across from the Kendrew Settlement, 18 miles distant, where he now farms.

In the evening the White Train left Graaff Reinet, and during the night the Prince crossed the Cape Province Border into the Free State. In twenty-one days the Prince had travelled 2,289 miles by train and several hundred miles by motor-car. He had seen every phase of the vast Province's varied life, and he had impressed the leaders of its industrial and farming activities by the penetrating questions he put to them, which revealed an appreciation of their difficulties and their successes. In every respect the Cape Province portion of the tour had been a success, and this good news had naturally spread to the other Provinces which were eagerly awaiting to welcome the Prince in turn.

## CHAPTER XIV

### The Orange Free State

ESSENTIALLY an agricultural province, the Orange Free State felt the economic depression of recent years more severely than other parts of the country, and, having, as it were, no second line of defence, in the shape of any considerable industrial activity, the Province is taking longer to recover from the reverses it has suffered. The farmers of the Free State have had a hard row to hoe, and the fact that any at all have survived is in itself to be marvelled at. Following years of drought and steadily declining prices, came unprecedented rain and devastating floods which caused the cup of misfortune to overflow. Financially, the Province is bankrupt; and its affairs are now being administered under the guidance of the central government. But the prices of wool and farm produce generally are rising, and when Prince George reached Bloemfontein there was a distinctly happier feeling as to the future of the agricultural industry.

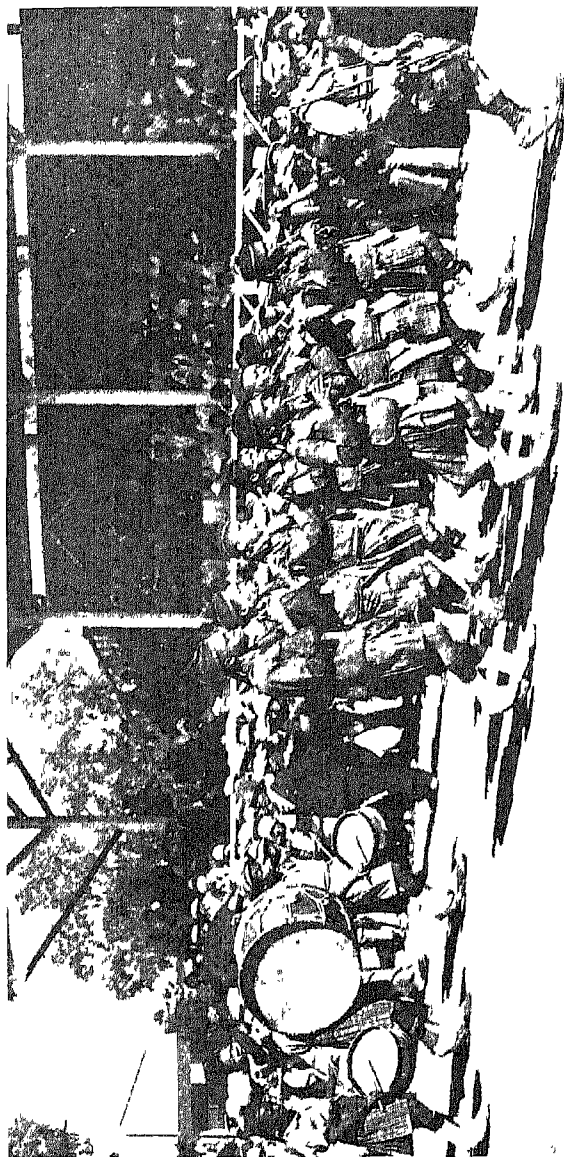
The Prince, of course, was fully aware of the struggle against adversity being waged in the Province, and his sympathetic concern for the



farmers won him many friends. In fact, the conditions were so bad that an alteration was made in his programme. It was intended to provide a mounted commando escort at Bloemfontein, but owing to the drought it was impossible to secure enough horses to mount an escort, so the arrangement was abandoned.

Bloemfontein, besides being the capital of the Province, is the Judicial Capital of the Union. The Appellate Court is in session there for two terms every year. Consequently the Prince and his staff wore their full uniforms when the White Train pulled into the station at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, 27th February. The Administrator of the Free State, Mr. C. T. M. Wilcocks, was on the station to greet the Prince, who had an extremely cordial reception as he drove down Maitland Street to the famous Raadzaal (Council Hall) to receive the official welcomes to the Provinces and the Town. Maitland Street was lined with thousands of people who cheered the Prince heartily and waved miniature flags.

The Raadzaal, normally the home of the Provincial Council, has been the scene of many historical conferences that have changed the fortunes of South Africa. It was in this hall, for instance, that the final decision was taken many years ago to unite the South African Party and the Unionist Party—a voluntary desire of English-speaking and Afrikaans-speaking South Africans to work together for the common good of their country, which was undoubtedly the forerunner of the more recent and all-embracing political



A COLOURED KILTIE BAND  
A feature of the great native Indaba at Bloemfontein



union which so happily preceded Prince George's visit to the country. In this historic hall the Prince received an impressive welcome.

Relief at the end of the drought and depression was the keynote of both the Municipal and Provincial addresses of welcome. The Administrator drew applause by referring with appreciation to the fact that the Prince's visit synchronised with the dawn of an era of prosperity which has followed the protracted and unprecedented depression and devastating drought. He said there were unmistakable signs that the depression was lifting. Mr. Wilcocks told the Prince of "the marvellous recuperative powers of our veld and vegetation" and "the undaunted courage of our farmers," and the packed hall applauded when he said that these two facts justified them in hoping for better times.

Walking to a site opposite the Raadzaal and adjacent to the new Appeal Court buildings, the Prince laid the foundation stone of Bloemfontein's new Town Hall, which is being erected at a cost of a quarter of a million pounds. It was here that the Prince for the first time spoke an Afrikaans sentence in public. Remarking that the building was being erected in President Brand Street, the Prince said that the late President's motto, "Alles sal reg kom" ("All will come right"), seemed to him to be the motto of South Africa. "Wherever I go I find a courageous spirit," said the Prince, "and realise that when you say, 'All will come right,' you mean it.

Inspired by your wonderful sunshine and the extraordinarily recuperative powers of the veld, there is little wonder that you do make things come right." The crowd loudly applauded the Prince when he repeated President Brand's motto in Afrikaans, and it especially appreciated his extremely good pronunciation.

The Administrator's luncheon was an important function, affording legislators from the outlying districts an opportunity of meeting the Prince. They gave him an enthusiastic reception in keeping with the spirit of unity prevalent in the country. And those who came to honour the Prince included many former enemies of Britain. At one table sat four typically magnificent Free Staters, all veterans of the Boer War. One had been deported by the British to Ceylon; another had his arm shot away; the third lost all his stock; and the fourth had been a prisoner for many months. But they came to participate in the welcome to Prince George.

One of the happiest and most interesting functions of the tour occurred when the Prince motored to Tafelkop Farm, about eight miles from Bloemfontein, and there met an assembly of about two hundred Free State farmers who had come from all parts of the Province. It was a happy idea that the Prince should meet the farmers in their own surroundings and not in the town itself. On a typical Free State farm the Prince mingled freely with the farmers and drank tea with them. Accompanied by his host, Mr. M. A. van Tonder, the Prince walked about

asking all manner of questions. He was especially anxious to know if the farmers were recovering from the effects of the drought, and he was delighted when most of them assured him that they were making progress towards more normal conditions.

Mr. E. R. Grobler, a former Administrator of the Province, and a progressive farmer, made a short speech in Afrikaans, and drew applause by asserting that "there is at the present moment no more welcome personality in South Africa than Prince George." He said that the farmers were delighted at the interest the Prince took in their farming operations, and in his anxiety to know how they were faring. Mr. Grobler recounted the troubles the farmers had endured. A short time ago, he said, the country represented a veritable desert, and the farmers were impoverished by a severe depression which denuded the country of money and robbed them of their markets. The farmers were becoming despondent and disgruntled when, in a comparatively short time, a change was brought about as if by magic, thanks to bounteous rains. "It was almost like paradise regained," said Mr. Grobler, and the farmers quietly nodded their heads in agreement. The Prince's visit coincided with the economic recovery, and "you are thrice welcome," concluded Mr. Grobler, turning to the Prince amid loud "hoor hoors" from the farmers.

In this friendly atmosphere the Prince made his first *ex tempore* speech, and its obvious sin-

cerity delighted the farmers. After thanking the farmers for their welcome the Prince said, "Yesterday I referred to the amazing progress of Bloemfontein. But I think that the progress of the land is even more amazing. Here you have fruitful farms where only a short while ago there was virgin forest and wild animals roamed." When he sat down a bearded farmer rose and led three hearty cheers for the Prince.

His Royal Highness left Bloemfontein on Wednesday afternoon for Basutoland. The White Train halted at Sannaspost, some miles from Bloemfontein, where a battle was waged during the Boer War in which the Prince's uncle, Lord Athlone, participated. The Prince walked across to a little clump of British graves near the railway line, and read the inscriptions on some of the headstones. At most of the stations along the line the Prince left the train to attend receptions, for which many farmers had travelled long distances. The country was in magnificent condition, fully justifying the claims made of the recuperative powers of the veld.

As dusk was falling the Royal Train left the Free State and travelled along the one and only mile of railway line of which Basutoland boasts to Maseru, the administrative headquarters of the territory. The High Commissioner (Sir Herbert Stanley) and Lady Stanley were there to meet the Prince.

## CHAPTER XV

### Basutoland

ENGLISHMEN should always think kindly of the Basuto people. During the Great War, when Britain was hard pressed, the Basuto offered to raise native regiments for actual service, but the offer, for obvious reasons, was declined. Determined to do something for the white people, under whose protection they lived, the Basuto thereupon spontaneously raised the sum of £50,000 for presentation to the King as a token of their loyalty.

This fine virile people, who gave Prince George such a splendid welcome, and who affirmed their loyalty in picturesque phrases on Thursday, 1st March, live in a mountainous little protectorate wedged like an island between the Free State, Natal, and Cape Province. Basutoland is one of the three native protectorates in South Africa governed directly by the Imperial Government through a High Commissioner at Capetown. The chief town, Maseru, where the Resident Commissioner resides, is on the fringe of Basutoland, at the end of the territory's only mile



of railway. Probably it was placed there to facilitate accessibility, but it is rather a pity that the visitor to Maseru sees nothing of the magnificent mountain scenery of Basutoland which has secured for it the name of the Switzerland of South Africa. The highest mountain is Mont-aux-Sources, which rises majestically to a height of 11,470 feet. In the vicinity are Champagne Castle and Giant's Castle, both over 10,000 feet high. Visitors to these mountains make the ascent on the backs of sturdy, sure-footed Basuto ponies. They are the principal means of transport in this beautiful country, which is the home of over half a million Basuto, who have settled down to the peaceful life of agriculturists, after the turbulent uprisings which marked their first encounter with white people.

Paramount Chief Griffith Lerothboli, the direct descendant of the powerful Chief Moshesh, whose name is still mentioned with awe by the Basuto, came to the station on Thursday morning to meet the Prince. He was a venerable old man, crippled by gout, soberly clad in a loosely fitting grey suit. In startling contrast to him was Chief Matsoene, who came from Northern Basutoland to greet the Prince. He wore a brilliant scarlet coat, liberally sprinkled with gold braid, reaching to his knees, and on his head was a white helmet with a plume. The story is related that Chief Matsoene sent £70 to a London tailor and asked for a coat covered with as much gold braid as the money would buy. This was the result.

The Royal Party wore full dress uniform, the Prince again in white naval uniform and helmet, with the blue Garter Ribbon conspicuously bright on his white tunic. Sir Herbert Stanley, the High Commissioner, was a striking figure in a dark uniform edged with silver braid, and the star and ribbon of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Mr. J. C. R. Sturrock, the Resident Commissioner, introduced the chiefs to the Prince, who shook hands with them, and then departed for the Residency to inspect Basuto Pathfinders. The Pathfinder movement in South Africa is the native equivalent of the Boy Scout movement, and officials best able to judge, express the opinion that the movement is doing inestimable good among the native children. Many of the small Basuto boys, who smartly saluted the Prince as he walked up and down their ranks in the brilliant sunshine, had walked as many as a hundred miles to Maseru to see Queen Victoria's great-grandson. And as the Prince returned to the train in the evening he saw groups of these little khaki-clad children cheerfully setting out on the long road winding over the hills and mountains to their homes, where, presumably, they enthusiastically related to their parents and friends the story of the coming of the white Prince. No doubt the brilliant uniforms of the Royal party and the smart Basuto policemen, mounted on fine prancing ponies, made indelible impressions on these children's minds.

Normally the Basuto would have welcomed the Prince at an elaborate pitso (an open-air

native gathering, to which the entire nation is summoned), but the ravages of the drought and the economic depression were so severe that the Prince requested the Administration not to incur the expense of arranging a pitso. It was regrettable, but, of course, unavoidable, that the Prince did not see the thousands of Basuto riding over the hills on their shaggy ponies, blankets wrapped tightly round their bodies; or the final blood-curdling charge to the arena; or hear the great salute, "Bayete," shouted from thousands of hoarse throats, reverberating among the mountains. A pitso once seen is never forgotten. But the Prince was more concerned that his visit should not place any avoidable strain on the depleted finances of the territory, and he received the greetings of the Basuto nation in the Native Council Chamber, a handsome building only recently erected. The Council Chamber was crowded with Europeans on either flank of the dais, in front of which sat Chief Griffith a little in advance of the other chiefs. Basuto crowded into what space was available.

Sir Herbert Stanley addressed the natives in carefully weighed sentences. He referred to the visit of the Prince of Wales nine years ago, which, he said, was remembered by the Basuto with pleasure and gratitude. "I am equally sure," he added, "that to-day also will ever remain memorable in your lives, and that you will tell your children and your children's children of the loving-kindness of the King, your Father, who, within the space of a few years,



AT THE GYMKHANA MEETING, MASERU, BASUTOLAND  
Prince George and his staff, mounted on Basuto ponies

*Facing page 84*



has so graciously sent two of his sons to visit his loyal subjects in Basutoland."

The natives listened in silence, but with obvious interest, to the High Commissioner, who commended the Basuto for the fortitude with which they had borne themselves in the struggle against adversity. "I should like His Royal Highness to know that during the hard times of last year, the Basuto showed themselves true to their fine traditions of kindly helpfulness to one another," said Sir Herbert. He spoke with relief of improving conditions, especially as rain had recently fallen in the territory. "We believe that the visit of His Royal Highness will bring us good fortune, but even if we did not think that, we should none the less rejoice that it is given to us to meet face to face a son of His Majesty the King." Not a movement was discernible as the Basuto, closely watching the High Commissioner, intently listened to every sentence as it was repeated in their language by a native interpreter. At the conclusion of his speech, the High Commissioner raised his right hand and greeted the natives with the salute "Pula" (rain), and "Khotse" (peace), whereupon the natives sprang to their feet and echoed, "Pula, Khotse."

Chief Griffith presented Basutoland's address to the Prince. He rose from his chair, a benign, thick-set figure, and, stumbling forward a few feet, stood in respectful silence while the interpreter read the address. Couched in picturesque phrases, every word of the address seemed to

endorse the peace-loving nature of this mountain people. It read like this :—

“ I, Griffith, Paramount Chief of Basutoland, and a humble servant of His Majesty your father, beg to convey to Your Royal Highness, on behalf of myself, the chiefs, headmen and the Basuto nation, our greetings and sincere heartfelt welcome to Your Royal Highness on this, the first occasion of your visit to this our country, Basutoland.

“ Your Royal Highness, we feel happy, proud and fortunate to see that when you visit great countries in South Africa you do not omit to make a call to this our little country of Basutoland, which is practically a small island.

“ Your Royal Highness, on the several occasions when members of the Royal Family of His Majesty the King visit South Africa, they never fail to call on this our small country of Basutoland, and this, Your Royal Highness, we regard as a clear sign that, although we are so small, we are yet under the gracious reign of your father, His Majesty the King, and we are not forgotten. For this reason, Your Royal Highness, we feel happy and proud of this your visit to-day, and we look upon this as a very great honour that we have had this opportunity, and we are at all times ready and willing to submit to the orders and to follow the directions of the benign Government of your father, His Majesty the King.

“ Your Royal Highness, no doubt your father, His Majesty the King, has heard that our country, Basutoland, and its inhabitants, are still suffering from the depression and famine resulting from the excessive and prolonged drought, and your Royal Highness, it is due to this distress that I regret I have not been able to welcome you in a fitting way, as is usual with the Basuto nation. This distress, Your Royal Highness, has given us much suffering and anxiety, and, Your Royal Highness, we hope that when you return home to your father, His

Majesty the King, and tell him about your visit, you will not forget to tell him about this suffering which I and my nation are undergoing.

"Son of my King, I hope that when you have returned home to your father, His Majesty, and told him about this your visit, you will not omit to state that I beg for peace in your name. Your Royal Highness, I, Paramount Chief of Basutoland, chiefs, headmen and the Basuto nation, greet you and wish you a nice journey home, and again we wish you prosperity and good rest when you arrive home. God Save the King."

Having begged for peace in the Prince's name, Griffith tottered towards His Royal Highness with the aid of an attendant, and, with a deep bow, presented the address to the Prince.

The Prince spoke clearly and emphatically when he replied, and the chiefs displayed particular gratification when he referred to the visits paid by the Basuto Chiefs to the King in 1909 and 1919. A look of relief passed over their faces at the Prince's revelation that it was he himself who expressed a desire that a pitso should not be arranged for him. The anxiety of the Basuto lest their failure to hold a pitso should be regarded as discourteous was given expression in Griffith's address. The Prince set their minds at rest.

"As a great-grandson of Queen Victoria," said the Prince, "I am very glad to see so many of you have come to greet me to-day, and when I return I shall not fail to convey to my father, King George, the assurance of loyalty contained in the Paramount Chief's address." The Prince said he was glad to hear that there were signs of



better times ahead, and he urged the natives not to forget the help and guidance of the administration to pull them through the hardships of the last few years. As the interpreter completed translating the last phrase of his speech, the Prince, following the High Commissioner's example, raised his right hand above his head, and in a loud voice saluted the Chiefs with "Pula." This unexpected salute surprised the natives, who for a moment were taken aback. But they jumped to their feet and hoarse shouts of "Pula, pula" and "Khotse, khotse" filled the hall.

The Prince summoned Griffith to the dais and presented him with a gold-mounted walking stick. The natives applauded at this honour done to their chief, and they repeated their applause when the Prince shook hands with the old man, several excited natives leaping up and yelling "khotse, khotse." It was an impressive ending to an interesting ceremony.

While the Prince's visit to Maseru was undertaken principally to meet the Basuto chiefs, His Royal Highness paid special attention to the white people who are living in the territory. At the Residency he received a number of European deputations. One of these was from the Basutoland Chamber of Commerce, who, apart from presenting an address of welcome, asked the Prince to accept a donation on behalf of the British Empire Cancer Campaign. This money would normally have been devoted to the cost of providing an illuminated address for the Prince, but it was decided that the Prince would prefer a

donation to a public cause—a decision which the Prince heartily endorsed in his reply.

Another important body to send a deputation was the Evangelical Missionary Society, and addresses were also presented on behalf of the Basuto members of the Church of Basutoland and the Catholic Missionaries of Basutoland. Missionaries in the native territories carry a heavy burden of responsibility, and they perform extremely useful service in many spheres of native life. The Prince indicated in his reply that he was fully aware of the missionaries' valuable work, and said he was sure the Administration was most anxious to help all missions in promoting native education in Basutoland. He expressed his warmest thanks to missionaries for their co-operation with the Government in rendering assistance during the period of stress.

After a luncheon served on the delightful verandah of the Residency, at which the leading European officials were present, the Prince attended a gymkhana. It was a jolly affair and the Prince joined in the fun by participating in a special race which was dubbed "The Staff Scurry." With an audience of several thousand Basuto, clad in their picturesque, multi-coloured blankets, and a few hundred Europeans, the Prince, who wore jodhpurs and a maroon shirt, rode the five furlongs well, but was beaten by Major J. B. Kriegler, a member of his South African Staff. An unfortunate accident occurred during the race, Lieutenant-Colonel D. G. M'Laren falling from his horse when it stumbled

over some rough ground. He came down heavily on his face, losing much skin. The Prince rode back to make enquiries, and was relieved to learn that Colonel M'Laren's wounds were only superficial.

The White Train slipped out of Maseru and Basutoland during the night on its way to Natal.

## CHAPTER XVI

### Natal

THERE is a strip of country on the southeastern fringe of the Orange Free State, adjacent to Basutoland, which is known as The Conquered Territory. The Orange Free State secured possession of it when in 1868, Moshesh, the Basuto chief, unable any longer to withstand the pressure of the Boers, transferred Basutoland to the Imperial Government. New boundaries were fixed, and the border-line was established along the Caledon River. This arrangement gave to the Orange Free State a strip of fertile land one hundred miles long and thirty miles wide. Prince George's train reached this area on Friday morning, 2nd March, and there the Prince saw some of the finest maize-growing land in the Union. As he looked on the beautifully green countryside it must have been difficult for him to imagine that only a few short months previously this land had been practically denuded by a drought of almost unprecedented duration. When rain came grass sprang up almost overnight.

Clocolan, an important Free State town, is situated on the border of The Conquered Territory. It is the centre of a great maize-

growing district, and the Prince was accorded a reception on the railway station under the shadow of a large grain elevator, whose emptiness, however, bore eloquent testimony to the severity of the drought. In fact, the Union's maize production dropped from eighteen million bags to eight million bags in one year. During the day the Prince attended receptions at five Free State towns along the line, and at each of them his welcome was most cordial. Apart from these welcomes officially included in the itinerary, there were many spontaneous expressions of cordiality. At many stations the train slowed down and the Prince waved his hand to cheering people, while in the country itself lonely farmers, sitting on ploughs and wagons, doffed their hats in respectful salute as the White Train sped past them. At 10 o'clock the following morning, Saturday, 3rd March, the Prince reached Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal.

Natal is South Africa's English-speaking Province, just as the Orange Free State is predominantly Afrikaans-speaking. It is rich in its historical associations, and probably has a more sanguinary record than any of the other three Provinces. In the Boer War the siege of Ladysmith and its relief were the causes of some of the fiercest fighting of the war, and many British and Boer soldiers are buried there. Prior to that the names of Chaka, Dingaan, Cetewayo, and other Zulu chiefs had found a permanent place in the Province's history because of the bloody encounters between the white people and

the stalwart natives. The gallant defence of Rorke's Drift and death of the Prince Imperial in the Zulu War of 1879 considerably stirred English imagination. And through all these turbulent periods, Pietermaritzburg, about fifty miles from Durban, and more or less an outpost of civilisation, was the assembly place of the Imperial Forces and the seat of Government. When Union became an accomplished fact, Pietermaritzburg was shorn of much of its glory and, by way of compensation, receives a sum of money annually from the Government. It is the seat of the Natal Provincial Council.

The Prince received a fine reception as he drove through the city streets from the station to the City Hall, where an enormous crowd cheered him to the echo. Natal has a large Indian population, and they turned out in considerable numbers in Pietermaritzburg to join in the greeting to the Prince who, with his staff, wore full uniform.

His Royal Highness had been welcomed to the Province at the station by the Administrator, Mr. Gordon Watson, and at the City Hall he received the city's welcome. It was extremely cordial, and the Prince was obviously moved when the thousands of people packed in the hall rose and cheered him repeatedly as he walked along the aisle to the platform. The Prince referred to Natal's stirring history in the course of his speech. "Since leaving the Eastern Province of the Cape," he said, "I have followed the tracks of your Voortrekkers, who had hard

struggles to overcome the hardships of the early days. Your city has been in existence nearly a century, and despite many obstacles, it has won through, and progress has been steadily maintained."

Always interested in Boy Scouts, the Prince motored to Lexdon Scout Camp, situated in a beautiful green park, where he had another great ovation from the Scouts who had assembled from all parts of Natal. There was a striking incident when the Cubs formed a large ring in front of the Royal dais. A young Cub Leader of about ten years of age boldly mounted the steps of the dais and, smartly saluting the Prince, invited him to go down and take a seat on the toad stool in the middle of the ring. The Prince smilingly consented and descending the steps, was escorted by the youthful Leader to the toad stool. There he sat, a lonely figure in white naval uniform in the midst of hundreds of khaki-clad Scouts and Cubs, while the Cubs shouted their salute. The Prince thoroughly enjoyed the experience and smiled broadly. He was duly escorted back to his seat on the dais by the Leader, with whom the Prince shook hands amid the cheers of the crowd of sightseers. The Prince paid a tribute to the Scouts of the Union when, addressing the boys, he said, "I have seen many Scout contingents on my way through the Union, and from what I have seen there is little doubt that the Scout movement well deserves the high reputation it has gained in this country."

In the evening His Royal Highness attended

a dinner arranged in his honour by the Provincial Council. There he met leaders of the life of the Province. It is perhaps not inappropriate to record here that this same Council shortly afterwards requested the Prime Minister to convey to the King the desire of the people of Natal that he should graciously consider a grant of the battle honours of Rorke's Drift to the South Wales Borderers who, in 1879, kept the Zulus at bay and saved Natal from a black invasion.

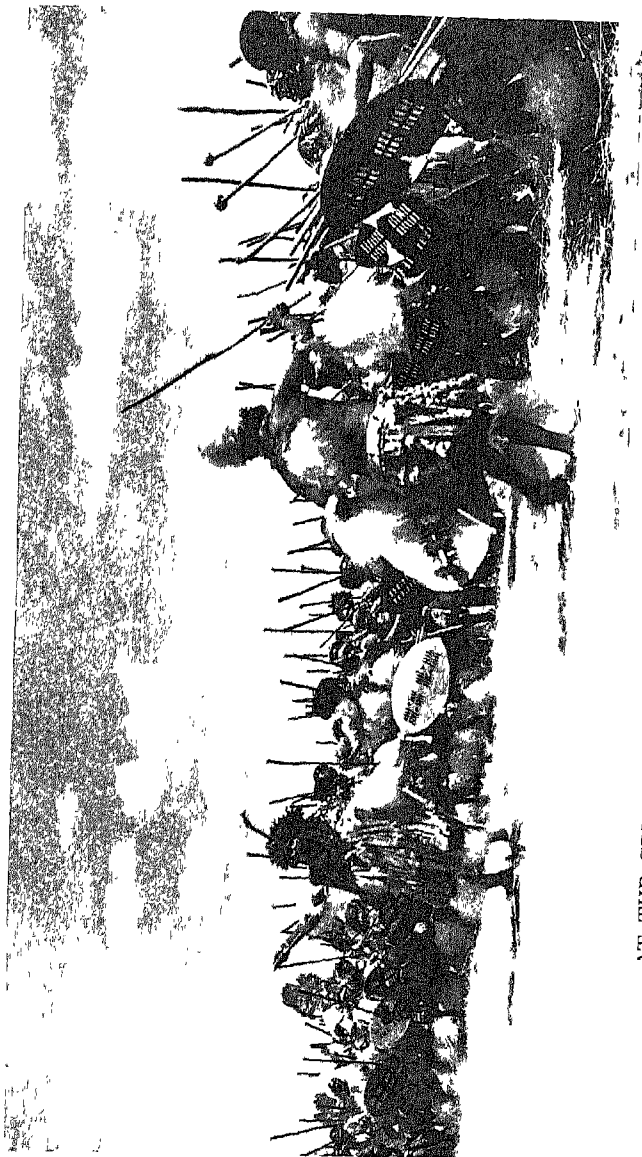
It was not possible for the Prince, in the limited time at his disposal, to visit Zululand. Consequently a Zulu gathering was arranged to take place on the racecourse at Pietermaritzburg, to which Zulu chiefs and headmen travelled to do homage to the Prince. Barely fifty years ago the Zulus were the white man's fiercest enemies. Physically the Zulu is almost perfect; he seems to have been equipped by nature for the adventurous life of a soldier. The Zulus strongly, and often successfully, resisted the steady encroachment of the white people on their land, and so desperately did they fight that heavy casualties were always inflicted in their battles. Chaka, the great warrior, whose name is still revered by the Zulus as the "Old Lion," introduced stern discipline into the Zulu impis (armies), which swept the countryside in organised battle array. Chaka's policy of extermination wrought terrible havoc among other tribes, and it is estimated that over one million people were slain during the successive raids of the Zulus west of the Tugela. Dingaan, who assassinated Chaka, was the source of much



trouble to the Boers when their Great Trek brought them to Natal. A Boer leader, Retief, and his followers were treacherously murdered by Dingaan, and it was in commemoration of this massacre that a district was named Weenen (weeping). Eventually the superiority of the white man prevailed and the Zulus were subdued. Now these fine specimens of manhood are largely employed in Natal as servants, in which rather menial role they give every satisfaction.

The Zulus who assembled to meet the Prince in their thousands seemed, by their very bearing, to reflect the splendid history of their nation. Many of the chiefs were arrayed in their full war dress of leopard skins, drapings of Angora goat hair, and fantastic feather headgear. Others came in lounge suits, ranging from the latest fashion to a style that would have done credit to Mr. Micawber. This mixture presented an incongruous picture to the Prince, which was rather a pity.

A weird spectacle confronted the Prince as, wearing his white naval uniform, he mounted the dais. In front of him were thousands of Zulus, many in European clothes and others in native dress, while on either flank and behind were thousands of European sightseers. Accompanied by the Chief Native Commissioner of Natal, Mr. H. C. Lugg, the Prince received the salute of the warriors in front of the dais. They were selected dancers from five native tribes. Armed with assegais and carrying shields, they presented a fantastic sight in their full war paint.



AT THE GREAT INDABA HELD AT PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL.  
Zulu warriors and women advancing to dance before the Prince



The Zulu address of welcome was signed by Acting Chief Mshiyeni Zulu Kadinuzulu and John L. Dube. It was read by the latter and through its lines ran a strain of pride which is characteristic of the Zulu nation. After expressing the joy of the Zulus that the Prince was able to visit them, the address said, "We are a humble people, though with a history full of tradition and not without great events. Like other peoples, we have our national consciousness. But because we are still mostly an inarticulate people we are not able as yet to lay bare our soul to the world." The Zulus were delighted when in the course of his reply, which the Prince read in slow measured terms, he told them that he was aware of their traditions, and added that the Zulus had been distinguished for their obedience to the King, for their deference to authority and to their elders, for the sanctity of their word, and for their honesty and manliness. Those, he said, were national attributes that should be maintained.

The Prince presented walking sticks to a number of chiefs, who laid gifts at his feet. It was the desire of each chief to approach His Royal Highness with the maximum amount of deference, and to secure this they displayed not a little ingenuity. Some bowed every few steps, others approached from angles with the greatest hesitancy, but the prize went to a chief of enormous stature and gloriously built who, clad in the most fantastic war dress, quivered in every limb until all his Angora goat hair trappings trembled and jerked. Perspiration poured down his face

as he slowly approached the dais, amid the approving whistles of his warriors. The Prince was greatly interested in these magnificent men, and through Mr. Lugg he asked them a number of questions. One chief crawled into the Prince's presence, and after tremblingly answering the questions put by His Royal Highness, crawled away again.

The war dance was a splendid affair and the Prince watched it keenly as the warriors pranced before him, approaching the Royal dais step by step. They stamped the ground in accordance with their famous war signal, which once upon a time brought terror into the hearts of their enemies, and chanted with deep, threatening voices the song composed at the time when the Zulu King Mpande vanquished Dingaan. Their chant became blood-curdling; they brandished their assegais more furiously; and they danced more fiercely as they got nearer to the Prince. The climax came when they were within a few feet of the Royal dais, when, after a sinister yell, they slowly retreated. Suddenly the ranks of the warriors moved aside and the native women and girls began their fantastic dance. They, too, were splendid specimens of womanhood. Scantily clad in short kilt-like skirts, they danced in perfect rhythm. Groups from the five representative tribes danced in turn, and at the conclusion they combined in a great salute to the Prince.

Contrary to previous arrangements the Prince elected to travel from Maritzburg to Durban by

road, and not by train. Driving his car himself along the splendid road which links the two towns, the Prince saw the lovely scenery of the Valley of a Thousand Hills. A deviation was made to visit the Trappist Monastery at Mariannhill, about twenty miles from Durban. The Brothers decorated beautifully the approach from the entrance gate to the church, and when the Prince arrived he was received by the Bishop. The Prince listened to about eight hundred Zulu children singing a Zulu Royal welcome anthem with beautiful harmony, and then he continued his journey to Durban. In order not to upset the welcome arrangements, the Prince rejoined the White Train a few miles outside of Durban, and actually arrived in that town in the train.

## CHAPTER XVII

### Durban and Ladysmith

NOTHING could have been more splendidly impressive than Durban's reception of the Prince. Leaving the train at Berea Road Station, where he was welcomed by the Mayor and prominent citizens, His Royal Highness passed under an arch of welcome and motored slowly down West Street, through a mile of one hundred thousand cheering people, to the Town Hall, where a great mass of people, jammed into all manner of corners, gave him a rousing welcome. The town had been beautifully decorated, and the stateliness of the fine Town Hall, which faces an attractive garden, made a magnificent background for the event. A platform had been erected in front of the Town Hall, and here a formal welcome was accorded to the Prince. A guard of honour, drawn from the Durban Light Infantry, gave the Prince a Royal salute as he arrived at the Town Hall. As he mounted the steps to the platform he was given another ovation by the many thousands of people who had gathered in the vicinity. The Mayor (Mr. P. Osborn), in a short speech, greeted the Prince as an "Empire

Ambassador," and declared that the visit of His Royal Highness would play a large part in binding the bonds of Empire. The town's address was presented to the Prince in a handsome casket made in Durban from South African rosewood.

The Prince made a thoughtful speech in his reply to the town's welcome. He said that during his short visit to Natal he had travelled from east to west across the Drakensberg to the Indian Ocean and he realised why Natal had been called the "Garden Province." "I have seen," he continued, "stock farming, maize and fruit growing, and I know that Durban is renowned for its exports of sugar and wattle. I have heard a great deal of your excellent climate . . . . If I have laid stress on the advantages of Natal I am not unaware of her problems. Difficulties, however, are meant to be overcome, and I feel sure that your people will do this, and will follow the traditions of the hardy pioneers who have written such glorious pages in the history of South Africa."

The most impressive part of the Prince's reception was kept until the last. It took the form of a march past of ex-servicemen. With heads erect and their coats heavily laden with medals, these veterans of other days marched past the Prince twelve abreast, led by forty survivors of the Zulu War. Row after row came and went, erstwhile sergeants springing back into authority and shouting their orders with the zest of war days. Altogether two thousand five hundred ex-soldiers marched past the Prince who, standing



with his straw hat in his hand, and the sinking sun shining on his bronzed face, took the salute. It was the largest parade of ex-service men the Prince had seen in the Union, and he afterwards remarked how very much impressed he had been by it. After the ex-soldiers came several hundred naval volunteers, Natal Mounted Infantry, and Durban Light Infantry. The crowd cheered each unit loudly, but the loudest cheers were reserved for the large detachment of V.A.D.'s.

The Zulu War veterans were a particularly interesting lot. Their ranks are rapidly thinning and their parade for Prince George may easily be their last one. Included in the forty were Messrs. C. M. F. Sparks and J. R. Kincaid, who are two of the few men left to tell the tale of the Battle of Isandhlwana, where they slipped from the clutches of the Zulus after the British troops had been massacred. Mr. Godbridge was there, 86 years of age, having fought in every campaign in South Africa since 1879. He joined up for the Great War at the age of 66. The Pennington twins, at 77 years of age, were so alike that the Prince could not tell which was James and which John. They joined the Alexandria Mounted Rifles at the age of 22, and fought against Cetawayo. They chatted to the Prince, who some weeks later heard with regret the news of the death of John Pennington. It was a memorable day for these old warriors.

Durban surrendered itself to a bewildering round of social functions arranged in honour of the Royal visit. The town was brilliantly

illuminated, and thousands of cars were jammed in the city streets when a record crowd turned out to see the carnival attractions. The Prince had an extremely busy time. In one night he attended five functions in four hours, but he sportingly fulfilled the most exacting demands on his time.

Durban has a large and influential Indian population who were permitted to welcome the Prince at a function all their own when he attended an Indian banquet, at which over two hundred Indians and two hundred Europeans were present.

Kunwar Sir Maharaj Singh (the Agent-General for India in the Union) eloquently welcomed the Prince on behalf of the Indians. "Certain it is that from no community and no race will your Highness receive a more cordial welcome than from South African Indians of all classes," he declared, amid applause. Mr. Sorabjee Rustomjee read a loyal address to the Prince on behalf of the Natal Indian Congress, after which he presented a silver salver, suitably inscribed.

Children claimed a large slice of the Prince's valuable time on Wednesday, 7th March, and they gave him a rousing reception. At the Albert Park some twelve thousand Indian school children cheered until they were hoarse. There was an impressive sight as the Prince's car swung round the corner into the park. The children jumped to their feet, and in the twinkling of an eye many thousands of miniature Union Jacks and Union flags were fluttering violently in the air. Described by the Indian spokesman as "an ambassador of

peace and goodwill," the Prince was honoured in the usual Indian manner, a garland being placed round his neck.

At Kingsmead, fifteen thousand European school children, between the ages of nine and sixteen years, gave the Prince another great reception. The children were massed round the green arena, and as the Prince slowly walked round the ground, each school in turn gave him a special greeting. The Prince found the children's delight infectious, and he had many friendly smiles for them.

Ex-service men in Durban are nothing if not enthusiastic, but they excelled themselves when the Prince attended their Back-of-the-Line concert in the Town Hall, where 2,500 men gave him a memorable welcome. This was one of the most amazing gatherings of the tour, and the Prince, undoubtedly affected by the overwhelming reception he was accorded, made a speech that created a great stir among the ex-service men. In it the Prince revealed a sympathetic understanding of the ex-service men's difficulties.

The ex-soldiers gave the Prince a tumultuous welcome when, accompanied by Brigadier-General J. S. Wylie and Major J. Irvine, he appeared on the stage. They shouted the Springbok war cry, sang "For he's a jolly good fellow," and, when the Prince went forward to speak, the audience rose to acclaim him.

Telling the ex-service men how impressed he had been with their steadiness on parade in the march past, the Prince said, "I am pleased to



### A GARLAND FOR PRINCE GEORGE

Presented on behalf of the Indian Community at Albert Park, Durban, Natal

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think that the comradeships and friendships made in the Great War still continue. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, though I was a naval cadet, I was not old enough to fight myself, but I have heard and read a great deal of the wonderful work you rendered for the British Empire. On my way through the Union I have seen and talked to a great number of ex-service men, and I am indeed grateful to them all for the enthusiastic receptions they have given me. I know that many of you have been through hard times in these last few years, but I feel sure that the tide has at last turned and that things are improving. I can only wish you all happiness and prosperity for the future."

Descending into the audience the Prince listened to the remainder of the programme, *remaining with the ex-service men for nearly two hours*. He laughed heartily at some of the humorous items on the programme, and altogether appeared to enjoy himself.

Returning to the Durban Club, where he resided during his visit, the Prince received the Mayor and thanked him for the reception he had been accorded in Durban. Later the White Train unostentatiously left Durban, bound for the Natal battlefields and the Transvaal.

The return journey along the Natal line to Ladysmith was made during the day, enabling Prince George to see the lovely scenery of Natal as the train climbed steeply to the high plateau of the interior. Maritzburg, although only seventy-three miles from Durban by railway, is

over two thousand feet above sea level. Giant British-built electric units hauled the White Train with effortless ease along a track which winds dizzily in and out of mountain crevices, climbing all the time. These locomotives were the pride of the Natal Railway staff. Painted sky blue, they stood out like the head of a long white worm as the train slid through station after station. Halts were made at Balgowan, Escourt, and Colenso to enable the Prince to attend brief receptions on the railway stations. Just before reaching Colenso the Prince entered a locomotive and took charge of the controls while the train swept along. His Royal Highness, who in his capacity as an inspector of factories of the Home Office, has an intimate knowledge of machinery, examined the units with considerable interest and asked the engineers a large variety of questions about them. On the outskirts of Colenso the train passed the famous battlefield and the memorial to Lieutenant Roberts, son of Lord Roberts, who was mortally wounded while saving the guns, a brave action for which he was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross.

There was an amusing incident at Colenso. The stop was for only 15 minutes, and as Prince George was walking along the platform, a big man on the other side of the rope which kept the people from crowding too closely, called out, "Hey, Prince, will you shake hands?" "Of course I will," said Prince George, and he reached out and gave the other man's hand a hearty shake.

"You've shaken hands with a Dutchman,"

said the man, laughing. The Prince laughed too. "I'm very pleased that I have," he said.

"What are you doing here, are you a farmer?" asked Prince George. "Yes, Prince, I am a farmer," said the man. "What do you farm?" asked the Prince. "Oh, I farm with cattle and sheep and I grow mealies," was the reply. "How are you getting on?" asked the Prince. "Very well," replied the man. "I've got a nice crop this year." "That's fine," said Prince George. "I'm pleased I met you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Prince," said the man, "and good luck," added Prince George.

Ladysmith was reached shortly after five o'clock, and there the Prince had a typically enthusiastic welcome from the large population which now inhabits this prosperous town. Ladysmith, of course, at the beginning of the century, was on everybody's lips in England. The five months' siege, when a gallant garrison under General White successfully defied the determined and sustained attempts of the Boers to enter the town, caught the public's imagination, and the relief of Ladysmith, on 28th February, 1900, was the occasion for much rejoicing in England. Ladysmith, in fact, was the pivot around which a great portion of the war rotated, and it was the scene of some of the most desperate fighting in what Colonel Deneys Reitz called "a gentlemen's war." And Ladysmith has much to remind the visitor of the important part it played in the Boer War. It abounds



with memorials, and any citizen will point out to one the Town Hall tower which was destroyed by a Boer shell, and which was only recently rebuilt. It was in front of this Town Hall that in the pleasant evening hour an official welcome was extended to Prince George by the Mayor. It was only to be expected that His Royal Highness, in his reply, would refer to Ladysmith's eventful history, but he added a word of commendation for the manner in which the town had progressed in the years of peace that followed the turbulent months of the beginning of the century. Ladysmith, which now has a white population of about four thousand, seemed destined for a more than normally lively existence, by the very manner in which it received its name. Sir Harry Smith, a Governor, gave the town its name after a Spanish lady whom he rescued in the Peninsular War during the sack of a town, and subsequently married.

The Prince motored to the delightful old-world church which, blessed with the name of All Saints' Memorial Church, is a veritable storehouse of extraordinarily interesting war memorials. The names of those Englishmen who served in the famous British regiments which participated in the siege and its relief, and who lost their lives, are inscribed on plaques which almost completely hide the walls. The Prince read many of the names with the greatest interest. The church itself was struck by a Boer shell during the siege, the porch being destroyed.

On the following morning, Friday, 9th

March, the Prince motored the eighteen miles to Spion Kop (Spy Hill), the scene of much fierce fighting during the siege. Discarding his jacket and hat, the Prince elected to walk up the six hundred feet to the summit of the hill, although ponies were in readiness for the party at the foot of the hill. Setting a good pace, the Prince *climbed rapidly to the top, accompanied by Mr. H. Coventry*, than whom it would have been impossible for the Prince to have had a more suitable cicerone. Mr. Coventry not only owns the farm on which Spion Kop is situated, but he also participated in the Battle of Spion Kop. He has done a great deal to preserve the relics of that great fight that have been unearthed from time to time, and he lovingly tends the sacred graves that are dotted about the hill.

The summit reached, Mr. Coventry pointed out to the Prince the dispositions of the opposing forces and explained how General Buller ejected the Boers from the summit of the hill, only to retire himself at nightfall, leaving the surprised Boers to take possession of the hill at dawn without opposition. Apparently there was a good deal of misunderstanding between the military leaders which led to the unnecessary loss of human lives.

The Prince for some time admired the enchanting view across the low undulating hills below him to the stately Drakensberg, which stood out in magnificent relief forty miles distant against a remarkable background of clouds. Mr. Coventry indicated the distant battlefields on

which Boer and Briton struggled for possession of Ladysmith, and the Prince was able to see for himself the countryside over which many battles, the stories of which have provided him with thrilling reading, were fought.

The Prince read the inscriptions on the several monuments to British soldiers on the summit of the hill, and he walked slowly down the long grave in which the British troops were buried. Originally this grave was the trench in which they fought a forlorn battle, only later to be buried in it. But some distance away were a few lonely graves bearing the inscription, "Here lie brave soldiers"—whether Boer or Briton is not specified.

Another round of engagements—visiting children, inspecting cadets and scouts, attending an Indian reception, and so on—kept the Prince busy all the afternoon. The culminating event was a gathering of about five thousand Zulus on the Market Square. These received the Prince with their usual enthusiasm, and Chief Walter Kumalo, carrying the walking stick presented to him by the Prince of Wales, welcomed the Prince on behalf of the natives as "a cub of the lion."

## CHAPTER XVIII

### The Transvaal—Johannesburg

FROM every point of view the Prince's visit to Johannesburg was the highspot of the tour, as was to be expected in the Union's largest city. Money was spent more lavishly, the crowds were larger, the traffic jams more baffling in this throbbing gold mining city than in any other place visited by the Prince. His Royal Highness reached Johannesburg at ten o'clock on Saturday morning, 10th March, on the crest of a wave of enthusiasm which began to take shape when the White Train made its first halt in the Transvaal at Volksrust the previous night. The wave gradually increased in volume as the train was enthusiastically cheered through every wayside station and siding until it broke majestically in Johannesburg itself. And there was something peculiarly typical about the care-free nature of the city's greeting to the Prince. Fifty years ago Johannesburg did not exist; to-day it is a flourishing city of some quarter of a million white people and two hundred thousand coloured people. A public man recently described it aptly as "the engine of the Union's motor-car," as indeed it is.

The Union's prosperity is derived from the gold mines of the Witwatersrand on which Johannesburg has been built; it provides the farmers with their largest internal market; it is the mecca of all seekers of employment; it is, in fact, the hub of South Africa.

Fifty years ago wild animals roamed where now are tall skyscrapers, beautiful shops, theatres, and all the hundred and one amenities of a modern city. And the visitor must bear in mind the essential fact that Johannesburg is not yet fifty years of age to appreciate its astonishing development. The disturbing of a piece of ore by the accidental kick of a foot was responsible for the discovery of the greatest gold reef in the world. Owing its existence to this romantic discovery, Johannesburg has never ceased to be a city of romance.

Johannesburg surrendered itself to a week-end of festivity while Prince George was there. Crammed with thousands upon thousands of people who poured in from all parts of the Transvaal, the city gave the Prince a welcome that almost stunned one by its sustained enthusiasm. And His Royal Highness responded magnificently, sparing himself not at all as hour after hour he fulfilled the lengthy list of engagements that had been arranged for him. On one occasion he had to miss lunch in order not to be late for an appointment, having been delayed returning to the Rand Club, where he resided, by the vast crowds in the streets.

The Prince travelled through the Transvaal

on a typical Transvaal summer's morning. Clouds overhead threatened rain as the White Train slid silently and rapidly towards the goldfields. The Prince rose early, and when the great white mine dumps appeared in sight he went to his saloon door and watched them for a considerable time. These man-made mountains are as much part and parcel of Johannesburg as Table Mountain is of Capetown, or the Bluff of Durban. They are there representing the waste that has come from the bowels of the earth in the search for gold. Behind them and alongside them rose the gaunt skeletons of the mine headgear, the large wheels at the top spinning round rapidly as cages descended into the earth or journeyed to the surface. The Prince watched this fascinating sight with the greatest interest.

As the train rushed along, flights of aeroplanes circled overhead and dipped in salute. The drone of their engines mingled with the hoots of hundreds of motor-cars, held up at the level crossings or racing alongside the White Train on the road which runs parallel with the railway track.

Eventually the train slipped into Park Station, Johannesburg's new handsome edifice. The Prince was welcomed on the station by the Mayor (Mr. D. Penry Roberts) and prominent officials. The sun broke through the leaden clouds as the Prince emerged from the railway station, his deeply bronzed face being in strong contrast to the navy blue suit he wore. He carried, as usual, a straw hat.

After inspecting the Guard of Honour, mounted by the Rand Light Infantry, the Prince motored through the troop-lined streets to the City Hall. The entire route was crammed with people. The enormous buildings presented an amazing sight. Every one carried a tremendous human freight and the balconies seemed to be dangerously packed. Every window had its quota of human heads and waving flags, and even on the pinnacles of many towers men and boys hung on perilously at dizzy heights. It was estimated that fully a quarter of a million people flanked the short route of the procession.

At the City Hall the Prince inspected a fine parade of ex-service men, who cheered him lustily. Inside the hall he walked up and down the ranks of V.A.D.'s, Girl Guides, and representatives of other organisations. Finally he emerged from the City Hall on to a dais erected in front of the building, facing the Post Office. Here an impressive sight met the Prince's eyes. Twenty thousand people were packed like sardines in the confined space. The fierce sun beat down on their heads and dozens of people fainted. The most convenient way of removing them was to pass them over the heads of the crowd, which was done. The police and the St. John's Ambulance patrols worked splendidly in succouring distressed people. The crowd was extremely orderly and waited patiently in the sun for a considerable time. Finally on the stroke of eleven o'clock the Prince walked on to the dais to be greeted by a roar of thundering cheers. His Royal Highness

appeared to be affected by the size of the crowd and the enthusiasm of its reception. He stood erectly on the dais while the crowd cheered and cheered.

The Mayor welcomed the Prince in a short eloquent speech, and the crowd endorsed his words when he said, "Regardless of race or creed, we unite to-day in a simple ceremony which is intended to signify, and does in fact denote, that we are glad and proud to enjoy the privilege of this visit from a well beloved son of His Majesty the King."

Before the Prince replied to the address of welcome, the crowd sang "Land of Hope and Glory," its majestic strains being taken up by the people who thronged the adjacent streets. The Prince expressed astonishment at the development of Johannesburg when he said, "The rise of Johannesburg and its sister towns along this extensive gold reef is really remarkable, and the surprise of all who come from Europe, where such rapid progress is practically unknown." He congratulated the city on the progress that had made it the largest town in South Africa.

The Mayor and Mr. P. M. Anderson (President, Chamber of Mines) presented a unique memento to the Prince on behalf of the people of the city and the Transvaal Chamber of Mines. The gift took the form of a mine headgear worked in gold. It was complete in every detail. The gear wheels revolved, and even the safety rails of the platform had been reproduced in fine golden threads. In front of the headgear



was a magnificent gold casket receptacle for cigarettes and cigars, with a cigar-cutter and lighter. In all, one hundred and fifteen ounces of gold were used in making this handsome gift, which astonished the Prince.

The Prince resided at the Rand Club, one of the most famous of Johannesburg's buildings. Many of the romantic figures connected with the goldfields have passed through its portals, and in the great strike of miners in 1913 it was besieged by the strikers. While the Prince was in residence there was always a crowd of sightseers in the street complicating the traffic problem. Guards were provided by Johannesburg's various volunteer regiments, who eagerly strove to outdo each other's smartness, but it is not an exaggeration to say that it would have been impossible to pick the winner.

In the afternoon the Prince had another strenuous spell of engagements. After unveiling a plaque at the new Public Library building, which is in the course of construction, the Prince proceeded to the Zoological Gardens to attend a garden party. This function provided something of a record in "gate-crashers." Eighteen thousand people were invited, but twenty-five thousand were present. So keen were some enthusiasts to see the Prince that they reached the Gardens at an early hour in the morning and camped there all day. Described by one newspaper as "the mightiest bun fight in the history of Johannesburg," the garden party took on a hectic character not ordinarily associated with what should have



A STRIKING VIEW OF THE GARDEN PARTY IN THE  
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, JOHANNESBURG

The Prince surrounded by some of the seventeen thousand guests



been a decorous social event. When the Prince's car arrived there was a stampede to greet him, and the police were powerless to stem the human wave which engulfed him. The constables probably had feelings not unlike those King Canute experienced when the tides refused to obey him. The Royal car could make no headway until by brute force the police, with concerted effort, cleared a passage. The crowd was extremely good humoured, but their enthusiasm for the Prince rather got out of hand.

While on the Rand the Prince made a number of very thoughtful speeches which indicated a lively understanding of the problems and life of the people. But he reserved the best speech of his visit—and of the tour, in fact—for the brilliant civic banquet in the City Hall on the night of the day of his arrival. Four hundred chosen guests were invited to this important function, and they represented every phase of the city's life, which is synonymous, in many respects, with saying of South African life. Every word of the Prince's speech was clearly spoken, and the applause that came from this important and usually rather critical audience was the measure of the success of the speech. The speech was broadcast, and a larger audience also heard the weighty words uttered by the Prince. The speech should be repeated fully. It was as follows:

“On leaving England I felt somewhat diffident about the task before me, but I can assure you—and I feel you can well understand and appreciate what I say—that I have been

enormously encouraged and helped by the friendliness, hospitality and kind receptions I have received on all sides from the moment I landed in Capetown. Ever since I accepted the invitation to visit South Africa, I have been looking forward to spending these few days in Johannesburg. (Hear, hear.)

"For me it is a thrilling experience to visit this famous gold mining city. The world was amazed when the Reef was first discovered by the Strubens some fifty years ago. To-day it is still amazed at the extraordinary progress that has since taken place; at your wonderful mining organisation; at the way you have developed your industries; and at the size of your city and of the buildings you have erected where not long ago was open veld.

"I congratulate you on what you have done for South Africa, and also I congratulate you on what South Africa has done for you. (Hear, hear.) Without the gold mines to find work and wages for thousands of people, the farmers would not have been provided with so strong a home market, and without the courage and determination of the South African farmers, who have all through continued to struggle against many adversities, the cost of living here would undoubtedly have been very much higher than it is to-day.

"I should like to appeal to you as a progressive and intelligent population to maintain a sympathetic understanding with all other sections of the people of this great country (Hear, hear), and to appeal to all these other sections to

maintain a sympathetic understanding with you. (Hear, hear.)

“And now, I understand, you have made new gold discoveries, and the eyes of the world are fixed on their development. There is a well-known saying in England that ‘what Lancashire thinks to-day, England will think to-morrow,’ and in so far as gold mining is concerned, I think I can safely say that ‘what Johannesburg thinks to-day, the world will act on to-morrow.’ (Applause.)

“Above all this buried wealth, 8,000 feet above some of the workings, Johannesburg continues to expand—a modern city well equipped to supply the demands of your large population, and a fitting monument to the work of your pioneers. Here nothing stands still. There is always constant activity, and I have noticed that your citizens have an enviable vitality and alertness.

“On the coat of arms of the Union are the words: *Ex unitate vires*—‘From Union comes strength’—and as the strength of the British Commonwealth must depend upon its unity, so also must the strength of South Africa.” (Cheers.)

During the evening it was announced that in order to enable its employees to participate in the welcome to the Prince the Chamber of Mines had granted a day’s holiday, thereby sacrificing revenue to the extent of over a quarter of a million pounds. It was a big thing done in the big way so typical of Johannesburg.

The Prince's allowance for leisure on this tour was so meagre that any free hours must have been very precious indeed to him. The programme contained only two references to free days, and one of them was the Sunday that was to be spent in Johannesburg. But anxious always to see every phase of the country's life, His Royal Highness elected to attend divine service at the Dutch Reformed Church at Pretoria, the Union's administrative capital. His official visit to Pretoria did not include a Sunday, so the Prince decided to motor across from Johannesburg on his free Sunday. He attended this service in an entirely private capacity, as he had not then been officially received in Pretoria. Nevertheless two thousand people cheered him on his arrival at the church door, where he was met by the Rev. P. du Toit and the Rev. F. Louw, Chancellor of the University of Pretoria. They walked with the Prince down the aisle, which was lined by frock-coated elders and deacons. The vast congregation stood in silence while the Prince took his place in the pew which had been reserved for him. The service proceeded in Afrikaans.

In the course of his prayers the Reverend Charles Murray made a special petition for the King and Queen and the Royal Family. He thanked God for having spared the son of the King to allow him to worship with them and prayed that God's blessing would rest upon him. Before his sermon, the text of which he announced in both English and Afrikaans, Mr. Murray welcomed the Prince among them on behalf of the

congregation and the Dutch Reformed Church. Couched in homely phrases, the more striking because of their simplicity, the welcome of this handsome Dutch clergyman was eloquent of the kindliness of the Dutch people. He said:

"I welcome Your Royal Highness very sincerely to this our morning worship. Your presence here, your special effort to be with us, we deeply appreciate, and we accept it as a sincere gesture of goodwill towards us, the Afrikaans-speaking people of South Africa. You have warmed our hearts also by this act of thoughtfulness, as you have already endeared yourself elsewhere by your frank friendliness, your naturalness and lovable ways.

"You, Prince George, who are the son of a great King, will join with us in worshipping the Son of the King of kings, and the Lord of lords. We are drawn towards you because of this. You are the son of a Monarch whose efforts have always been to promote peace and goodwill among men and among the nations, and you will join with us in kneeling to the Prince of Peace at whose birth the angels sang 'Peace on earth and goodwill among men.' We are very glad to have you with us on this occasion. May our united worship to-day be a very real experience to you, as well as to us. Our prayer is that during your sojourn among us you may well prove to be the emissary of peace and goodwill. God bless you, Prince George."

After the singing of the Old Hundredth and the Blessing, Mr. Murray descended from



the pulpit and presented to His Royal Highness a copy of the Afrikaans Bible. "It would warm our hearts if you would carry a copy of this book, which we all love, home with you," said Mr. Murray to the Prince, who gratefully accepted the gift.

Thus was forged another link in the chain of friendship between the English and Afrikaans-speaking peoples.

Piloted by Brigadier-General Sir Pierre van Ryneveld, the pioneer aviator of the England to Cape route, the Prince flew to Vereeniging where he played golf.

Johannesburg is flanked east and west by flourishing towns which are dotted along the gold reef. The Prince visited all of these towns during his brief stay on the Rand, and everywhere he was most cordially received.

On Monday, 12th March, His Royal Highness motored to the East Rand, his route being lined with cheering people. In fact, this enthusiasm was responsible for throwing the Prince's programme out of gear. Whenever there was a group of people at the roadside—and there were many of them, especially natives from the mine compounds—the Prince instructed his chauffeur to slow down. The time-table consequently became useless and the Prince returned to Johannesburg very much later than was intended. While the enthusiasm with which the Prince was received was common to the whole of the East Rand, each town gave the Prince a characteristic welcome of its own.

Germiston provided an escort of pipers and the only lady mayor seen on the tour; a stand packed with children who cheered the Prince frantically was the feature of Boksburg's welcome; a mounted commando escorted the Prince into Benoni; at Brakpan the Prince opened a road, which in future will be known as " Prince George's Avenue "; a great crowd of 3,000 people on the Rugby ground at Springs cheered the Prince to the echo. At each of these towns the Prince made a speech. At Springs his speech was interrupted when a roof, on which fifty natives had clambered to secure a view of the Prince, collapsed with a great crash. The Prince swung round to see what had happened and was relieved to hear that nobody was injured. The Mayors of all the East Rand towns assembled at Springs and jointly presented to the Prince a piece of rich blanket reef handsomely mounted as a memento of his visit to the mining towns.

Hurrying back to Johannesburg the Prince had to forgo his lunch in order to visit thirty thousand school children who had assembled in Milner Park. As usual, the children cheered the Prince frantically as he walked along their ranks. One little boy will always remember the Prince. Unknown to his parents he rose from a sick bed and walked four miles to Milner Park to see the Prince. When the first-aid squads arrived they found the boy on the ground in a state of collapse. Attention and rest revived him and, although very ill, he eagerly awaited the Prince's arrival. His Royal Highness spotted him, and when he heard

the story of his struggle to reach Milner Park, he went across to the child and shook him by the hand. The boy smiled broadly, and was then rushed away to his home and bed.

Another important engagement the same afternoon was the opening of the new library building at the Witwatersrand University. The building had been erected to replace the library destroyed by fire two years previously. The Prince was received by Sir William Dalrymple, chairman of the University Council, and Dr. H. R. Raikes, Principal of the University. In opening the handsome building, which embraces the latest ideas of library architecture, the Prince made an important speech which was favourably received by the large gathering of people connected with Transvaal education.

The Prince referred to the development in University education. "University education," he said, "consists of three parts, the lectures of professors, discussions between the professor and student, and between students themselves, and the individual reading of students for which the provision of an adequate library is an absolute essential."

After quoting Carlyle's famous nineteenth-century remark that "the true university of these days is a collection of books," the Prince said, "but Carlyle was an individualist, so we can differ from him to some extent and regard lectures as the best means to help the student to understand what he has read. Before the disastrous fire of 1931 your library was very cramped, so

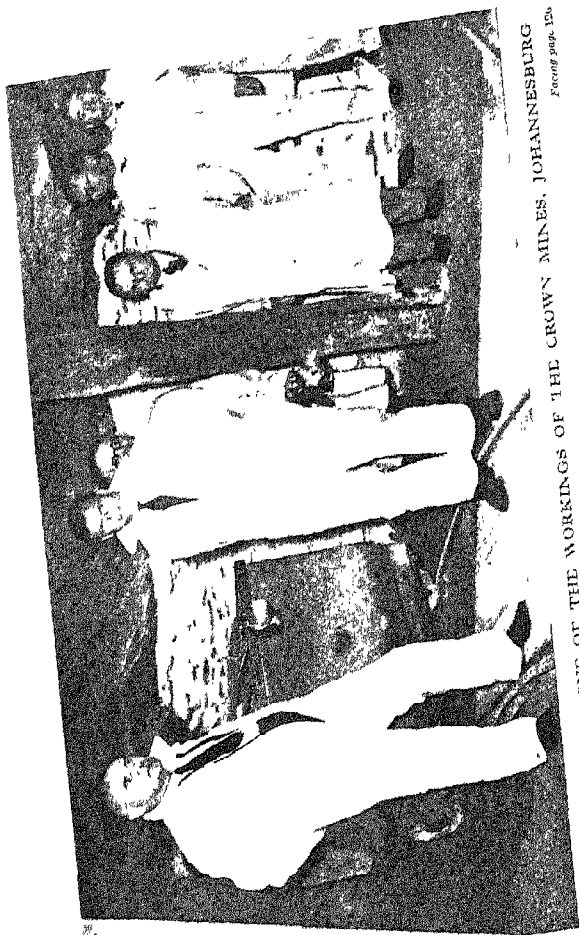
the fire was perhaps a blessing in disguise, though the loss of the manuscripts will always be deplored.

"I am very glad to be able to thank, on your behalf, all those who have helped you by gifts of money, books, and other material and by unstinted personal service to erect this building to enlarge and improve your collection and to replace, as far as possible, what was lost in the fire."

The Prince had heard much about the high degree of efficiency attained by the gold mining industry in wresting its precious metal from the earth. On Tuesday, 13th March, he saw for himself, when he descended into the depths of the Crown Mines, the amazing development that is the pride of this highly organised industry. Before he went down the mine the Prince, who was met by Dr. Samuel Evans, Chairman, and Mr. A. J. Walton, General Manager of the Crown Mines, Limited, inspected the refinery, where he saw molten gold pouring into moulds and a week's supply of gold worth £140,000. The technical process of the extraction of the gold from the ore was explained to the Prince by Mr. Walton, after which His Royal Highness motored to Number 15 shaft and, donning a suit of white overalls, descended into the mine to the forty-first level. Descending the shaft at the rate of three thousand feet per minute, the Prince made his first halt at the 18th level, which is about 3,000 feet down. Here he inspected the largest underground winding machine in the world, with

a wheel of 18 feet diameter around which is wound a wire rope two inches thick, and which has a brake of two hundred tons pressure. Entering another cage, the final drop was made to the 41st level, which is 6,534 feet below the surface. On a miniature electric train, which heightened the impression of a London tube, His Royal Highness travelled along a cross cut for about a mile to the stope where the south feeder of the main reef was being worked. Here the Prince watched natives working the pneumatic drills that have revolutionised gold mining, and, by reducing working costs, have assisted in prolonging the life of the mines. The entire process was explained to him, and the Prince asked many questions to clear up points about which he had doubts. As the Prince walked along in the half light which added to the eeriness of the mine, white miners, many of them wearing war medals, and all of them with steel helmets on their heads as protection against pieces of falling rocks, stood to attention. It was a weird scene, 1,800 feet below the level of the sea. Like most visitors who descend a gold mine for the first time, the Prince was impressed by the cleanliness of the mine with its white-washed caverns and effective ventilation system.

Hastening back to Johannesburg Prince George attended a Rotary Club luncheon, to be fined one shilling for being a distinguished guest. The sergeant-at-arms, who inflicted the penalty, expressed the hope that the Prince would not be in the same position as another member of the



PRINCE GEORGE IN ONE OF THE WORKINGS OF THE CROWN MINES, JOHANNESBURG

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Royal Family, who had to borrow the shilling fine from his aide-de-camp. The wish was in vain for Prince George was in the same boat, and his Equerry had to put his hand in his pocket.

The many native gatherings which the Prince had attended during his tour had all been extremely enthusiastic, but their enthusiasm paled into insignificance in the face of the amazing reception accorded His Royal Highness by fifty thousand natives who swarmed to the Bantu Sports Ground to salute the Royal visitor. They greeted him with a thunderous "Bayete" when he arrived, and then twenty thousand men, women and children, wild with enthusiasm, swarmed round his car. Their shouting drowned the deep note of the thudding drums, and as he mounted the platform the Royal greeting roared forth again, three times, "Bayete, Bayete, Bayete." Prince George waved to the people and the huge mass yelled with excitement. An awkward situation rapidly developed. The crowd began to press forward, eager to secure a closer view of their Royal visitor. Eight thousand children in front were pushed against the barriers. At length they had to give way under the pressure of the crush behind them. They clambered through the barriers and swarmed over seats and tables right up to the platform itself. They stood within a yard of the Prince and stared at him with fascinated eyes. Eventually somebody led the children to an empty space at the back of the grounds and the rush from behind was stemmed. No efforts on the part of the officials and native leaders could



silence the natives, who voiced their welcome in a continuous roar.

Mr. Griffiths Motsieloa with difficulty read the native community's address to the Prince. He was welcomed "to this city which owes its existence to the co-operative achievement of the white man's brains and the black man's brawn," a reference to the fact that native labour plays an indispensable part in the working of the gold mines, many of which could not possibly exist were it necessary to employ expensive white labour. After expressing the Bantu people's loyalty to the Throne, the address continued, "It is the earnest desire of the Africans of this country that the Empire, for which you are the ambassador of goodwill, should continue to function for the good of humanity, and that within this great Commonwealth of Nations, they, the Africans, should also have the opportunity of growing into manhood so as to be able to contribute their share to the achievement of the human race." These lines carried a sub-stratum of the desire for more active participation in the control of public affairs which has followed the extension of native education. The address was placed in a casket cut from a solid slab of stone and presented to the Prince. The casket bore carvings of the Johannesburg crest, a native warrior's shield, and panels depicting scenes from native life on the Rand and in the kraals. It will be a valuable reminder to the Prince of an astonishing function. The Zulus in the Transvaal presented a beautiful kaross to the Prince.

For the first and only occasion on the tour the Prince was prevented from making his full speech. After a quarter of an hour of tiring effort it was found quite impossible to silence the natives, and the Prince decided to curtail his address. As he rose to speak the noise swelled higher from all sides, and it was difficult, and at times impossible, to hear the Prince. In short sentences His Royal Highness thanked the natives for their welcome and promised to take back to the King their message of loyalty. As he drove away again he received another tumultuous ovation.

There were several humorous incidents to relieve the serious side of the Bantu's welcome. As the eight thousand children entered the grounds they were each presented with a bun, ginger-beer and cake. It was a great day for them, especially as many got a double helping by running round the back of the building and appearing again at the entrance. Evidently boys will be boys, whether white or black, but the trick was soon discovered and stopped. Many of the natives came on bicycles which had to be parked outside the grounds. They were stacked in piles against the fence, and native "parking attendants" charged sixpence each to look after them.

The Prince boarded the White Train that night and the train left for Pretoria in the early hours of the morning, ending a memorable and most successful visit to South Africa's greatest city.

## CHAPTER XIX

### The Transvaal—Pretoria and Potchefstroom

**P**RETORIA is one of the three capital cities of the Union. It is the Administrative capital, and as such is a very important centre. It is from Pretoria that the country's affairs are administered when Parliament is not in session, and it is there that the Governor-General resides when duty does not require him to be in other parts of the country. Pretoria now has a white population of nearly seventy thousand people, the majority of whom are employed by the Government, and, although it is only forty-five miles distant from Johannesburg, it has retained an individuality all its own. Whereas Johannesburg is a throbbing, restless city, Pretoria is a quiet, pleasant town, its apparent decorum being quite appropriate to a seat of Government.

The Prince, who arrived in full uniform, was impressively received in the Administrative capital, the first taste of his welcome being accorded by two flights of the South African Air Force which escorted the train into Pretoria Station and

zoomed down in salute before departing for the aerodrome. The Prince was met by the Administrator of the Transvaal (Mr. Simon Bekker), who officially welcomed him to the Province, and by the Mayor (Mr. I. Solomon), who extended the city's welcome to the Prince.

Pretoria provided the only Royal salute of twenty-one guns fired, away from the Cape, and it is not without interest to record that the salute which greeted the Prince as he alighted from the train in Pretoria Station was fired from the old Republican fort on Schanskop, which was built by the Republican Government out of the revenue derived from the fines imposed on the Jameson raiders.

The guard of honour was mounted by the Special Service Battalion, an experiment in sociology which has more than justified itself. The Battalion consists of European youths, mainly in their teens, who have been unable to secure employment. Provided they fulfil certain educational requirements and a high standard of physical fitness, they are enrolled in the Battalion, in which they receive valuable training in discipline, and are removed from the contaminating influences of city life. Eventually they secure employment, either in the Government service or with private employers. The Prince was to see more of this magnificent corps before he left the capital.

The Prince received a cordial welcome as he drove from the station to Church Square, where fully twenty-five thousand people had assembled

to cheer the visitor. The square was extremely well decorated. Green arches had been erected over the entrances to the square and the tall buildings which surround it were thickly laden with flags and bunting. Pretoria was given a special reason for thinking kindly of the Prince. He brought back to the city a valuable relic in the shape of the silver trowel which was presented to President Kruger when he laid the foundation stone of the Raadzaal in 1889. This trowel remained in the possession of President Kruger until 1900, when Pretoria was occupied by British troops. Kruger fled from the capital in haste to form a temporary seat of Government in a train at Machadodorp. Many of his possessions were looted, including this trowel. It eventually fell into the possession of an Australian soldier, who apparently sent it to England. There it remained until its owner died, and his widow, needing money, sent it to the High Commissioner at South Africa House offering to sell it. The existence of this trowel reached Prince George's ears and he decided to purchase and present it back to the city whence it came. The great crowd cheered enthusiastically as His Royal Highness handed it over to the Mayor for safe keeping. And as he gave it to the Mayor the Prince repeated in Afrikaans President Kruger's famous saying, *Neem uit die verlede wat goed en edel is, en bou daarop voort* ("Take out of the past all that is noble, and build thereon in the future"). The Mayor, in a few warm words, expressed the city's gratitude to His Royal Highness.

At the Eastern Sports Ground ten thousand school children cheered themselves hoarse as the Prince marched round their ranks. They sang well-known South African songs, including *Sarie Marais*, and the Prince left the ground to the strains of "Will ye no' come back again?"

The High Commissioner, Sir Herbert Stanley, had proceeded from Capetown to Pretoria in order to introduce a deputation of the official and non-official residents of Swaziland to the Prince, and also Sobhuza, Paramount Chief of the Swazis. The Prince could not find time to visit Swaziland, one of the three native protectorates ruled by the Imperial Government, which is wedged between the Transvaal, Natal, and Portuguese East Africa, so the deputation and the Chief came to Pretoria to express their loyalty to the Throne.

Accompanied by Sir Herbert Stanley, the Prince received Chief Sobhuza and his councillors on the lawn of the High Commissioner's residence. Replying to the Chief's address, the Prince made a constructive speech in which he emphasised to the Chief the great responsibilities that rested upon him in guiding his people "to that enlightenment which is necessary if they are to profit by contact with Western civilisation, and the advantages which that civilisation can give them. Of these I need only mention medical service and agricultural instruction."

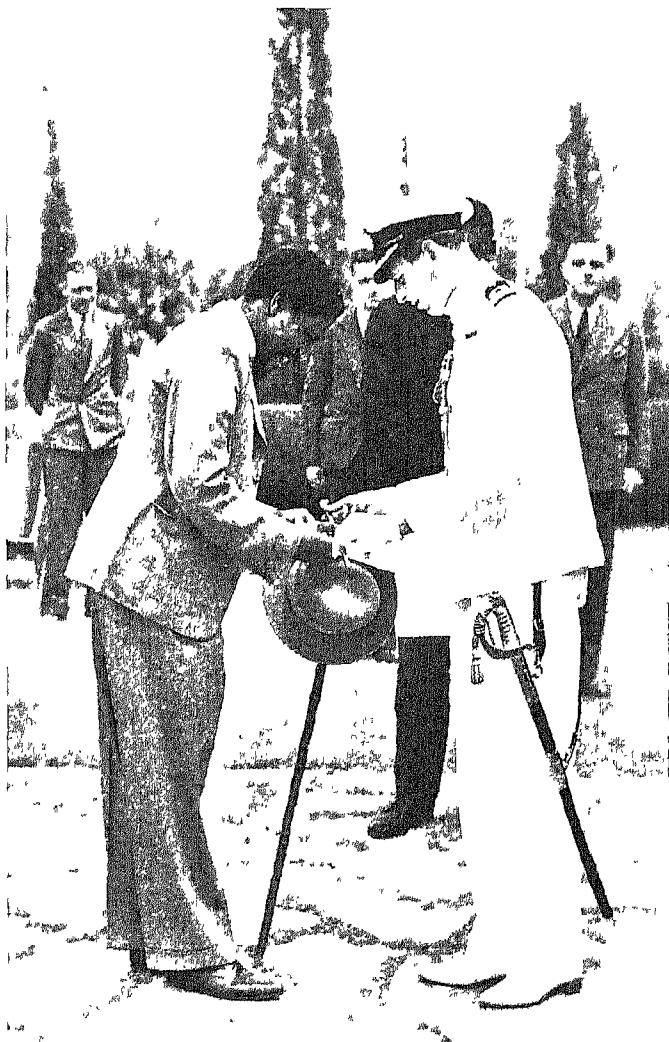
The Prince presented a gold-mounted walking stick to Sobhuza, to whom he also handed a silver-mounted stick for his aged mother, the

Dowager Queen Lomawa Nohlovakazi ("The She Elephant"), who was too ill to undertake the journey to Pretoria from Ezuliwini ("The Gate of Heaven"), where she lives. The Prince enquired after her health, and Sobhuza smilingly assured him that she was rapidly recovering. The Chief in turn presented a gift to the Prince in the shape of Swazi meat bowls.

Mention has already been made of the great success that has attended the formation of the Special Service Battalion. In spite of his heavy programme the Prince consented to motor to Roberts Heights and inspect the Battalion, which paraded about 700 strong under the command of Major W. H. E. Poole. The average age of the youths was about 17, and the period of training four months, but they had a bearing on parade which would have done credit to any highly trained regiment, and which evoked expressions of admiration from His Royal Highness, who took the salute. The boys drilled with splendid precision, and the march past and subsequent evolutions were watched with the greatest interest by the Prince and a large gathering of visitors.

The Prince appropriately reserved his public expression of thanks to the Government and to the country for the enthusiastic reception accorded him, for the Administrative capital, and at a banquet given in his honour by the Administrator and Transvaal Provincial Council, the Prince eloquently voiced his appreciation of all that had been done for him.

Mr. Simon Bekker, who had only recently



PRINCE GEORGE AND SOBHUZA II THE PARAMOUNT  
CHIEF OF SWAZILAND

The Prince is presenting a gold mounted walking stick

*End of page 134*





left Parliament, of which he was a prominent member, for the onerous post of Administrator of the Transvaal, made a striking speech when he welcomed the Prince to the Transvaal. He spoke of the peace that had descended on the country after years of strife, and his words were applauded by the large and influential gathering who assembled to toast the Prince.

"May the Transvaal Province ask your Royal Highness to convey 'groetnis' (greetings) to His Majesty the King," said Mr. Bekker, amid cheers, "and in doing so to give His Majesty the assurance from this storm centre of South Africa that we, its people, fully realising the differences of the past, have at length sought for and found points of fusion instead of friction, and have, we hope, laid the corner stone of a united nation in South Africa."

Laying considerable emphasis on his words, the Administrator continued, "It is natural that the population of this Province to-day should be more cosmopolitan than communities elsewhere in South Africa; that past racial friction, accentuated by the clash between agricultural and pastoral interests on the one hand as against mining and industrial interests on the other, should have left the lines of racial and national cleavage more clear cut and more deeply engraved than elsewhere in South Africa, and that the Transvaal should become its friction head. Bearing these facts in mind, we consider that special significance should be attached to the welcome extended to you, sir, by the people of the Transvaal

to-day." The speech was greeted with much applause, which was renewed when the Prince rose to reply.

South Africa's partiality for division (it has three capitals, two languages, and two flags) is often the subject of good-humoured banter, and the Prince, early in his speech, got home with a little quip on this aspect of South Africa's life. "I know little about Pretoria's administration," said His Royal Highness, "but to an outsider like myself it seems to be the most governed city in the Transvaal. For it is really the seat of three Governments, who not only teach you the error of your ways, but, each in turn, call on you for taxes. You have the City Council, the Provincial Council, and last, but not least, the Union Government. All these, I am told, lighten your hearts every year by claiming taxes just before Christmas. In spite of the odd nature of this Christmas box, I believe the citizens of Pretoria always rise to the occasion, and I congratulate you on your philosophical outlook." The audience laughed heartily at this reference to their woes.

The Prince expressed his thanks to the Union Government for inviting him to tour the country and for the admirable organisation of the tour. "The way in which the smooth working of my train has been carried out reflects great credit on the Railway Administration," he said. "I know that a tour of this kind means a great deal of organisation, and all those who have helped with the arrangements on the railway are too

numerous for me to mention individually by name. I must, however, express my most sincere thanks to Mr. Pirow, your Minister of Railways; Mr. Watermeyer, the General Manager of the line; and to Mr. Farrell, the Manager of the Tour, as I feel very grateful to them."

The Prince referred to the "wonderful welcome which the Transvaalers have given me since my arrival in the Province. Their welcome carries on what I have experienced throughout the Union, and I shall never forget the friendly spirit in which I have been received everywhere."

Like other cities, Pretoria gave itself up in the evening to admiring the illuminations that had been arranged so effectively. Church Square was crammed with twenty-five thousand people when, in the evening, Prince George appeared on the balcony of the old Government buildings, and looked down on a seething mass of faces. The crowd cheered him frantically as he waved his hand to them. On a hill overlooking the town are the beautiful Union Buildings, which presented a grand spectacle in illuminated outline.

The Prince's last engagement in Pretoria was on Friday morning, 16th March, when he attended an assembly of fifteen thousand natives, including sixty-eight chiefs, representing the one million natives who live in the Transvaal. Representative chiefs read addresses of welcome to the Prince, who wore his white naval uniform. Chief Sekukuni, on behalf of the chiefs and natives of Eastern, Central, and Western Transvaal, gave expression to the regret that the Prince was not

able to visit them in their locations and reserves, where, he said "we could welcome and pay homage to you as the son of the Great Chief in our homes and in our own way." Natives love a soldier; their songs and legends abound with praise of the warrior and hunter. And it was Chief Tohlaba, a man of fine bearing himself, who, when he welcomed the Prince on behalf of the natives of the Northern Transvaal, mentioned this fact in his quaintly phrased speech. "You appear before us in uniform," he told the Prince, "and I have learnt that you are not only a sailor by profession, but an accomplished airman as well. We honour you the more for these warrior-like attributes, which ever command respect among the natives."

The Prince spoke of the interest that the various native gatherings had been to him when he replied to the chiefs. "The native people form so large and so interesting a part of the population in this country," he said, "that I have felt that my meetings with them have been by no means the least instructive and pleasant experiences of my visit to South Africa." The sixty-eight chiefs approached the dais and respectfully saluted the Prince. Many of them brought gifts in the shape of karosses, walking sticks, pottery, and so on. Gold-mounted walking sticks were presented to the three principal chiefs and silver-mounted sticks to twelve other chiefs.

Great interest was aroused by the chanting of a long song of praise written in honour of the Prince, and addressed to "The Lord of the White

Cliffs " (Dover). The song revealed a most vivid imagination on the part of the author, Kgomedi Lekgothoane, a native Court interpreter, who has studied the works of the earlier English poets. In a long foreword to the song the author says, " To thee in all humbleness this little song is presented. Receive it, Child of our Overlord. It is a homage and greeting of us, Basotho, thy father's children." The author chanted the song in Sesuto, and whenever he paused, the various tribes signified their approval of his praise by naming in chorus the animals which are their sacred totems. Prince George had no victories in Africa to be acclaimed. Consequently the song praised the virtues of the Prince's Royal House. One verse read :

" Hail, descendant of the Great Victoria,  
Fiercer than the mightiest lion  
Eating his prey in hidden kloof.  
He grew wings, the tiger, and flew.  
The Lord of the Land knows no fear.  
Grief he hides in his heart.  
He has his men on the white cliffs  
Day and night a-stamping their hoofs,  
Ready to fall upon threatening foes."

The Royal Train was escorted from Pretoria by a squadron of twenty-five aeroplanes, and as it moved from the station a salute of 21 guns was fired.

Potchefstroom's tranquil atmosphere conceals a thrilling history, of which the Prince was reminded when, on his arrival there on Friday afternoon, 16th March, he visited the old fort.

The capital of Western Transvaal, Potchefstroom is the oldest town in the Transvaal, having been founded by the Boer leader, Potgieter, in 1839. It was the centre of a good deal of strife during the hectic latter half of the nineteenth century, but it eventually settled down to become an important educational town. In 1881 a feat of arms worthy of the greatest traditions of the British army was enacted there. The story of the siege of the British force by Boer commandos is vividly described by Mr. Hedley A. Chilvers in his entertaining book, "The Yellow Man Looks On," and the features of the deed were related to the Prince when he visited the scene of the action. Mr. Chilvers writes: "Little is left of it (the fort) now, though the remnants of it stand as a monument to Colonel R. W. C. Winsloe and his gallant red-coats who offered an immortal ninety-day resistance to Cronje and his resourceful burghers. It was an amazing feat. Crowded into a space of 25 yards square were 322 men and a few women and children. There was a little sub-stronghold made of mealie sacks inside, 9 feet square and 5 feet high, for the women and children. At the foot of it was a hole for them to creep in and out. Here for three months, cramped beyond belief, the women and children lived uncomplainingly. Unable to take exercise and *constantly under gunfire, they nevertheless sang* when the red-coats sang—as they often did during the shooting." Eventually a misapprehension arose about a truce and Colonel Winsloe surrendered.

It was in Potchefstroom also that the Prince encountered an interesting old figure in the person of Mr. C. Outram, an ex-sergeant of the South African Constabulary, who also served with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in India and during the Anglo-Boer War. Mr. Outram, who paraded with the ex-service men, told the Prince that he was in England in 1887, and was enrolled as a special constable for Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

As the Queen's carriage passed the spot where he was on duty a little girl darted out in front of it. The drivers of the Royal carriage reined in the horses, and at the same moment Outram rushed out and snatched the girl from almost under the wheels. The girl was clutching a bouquet of flowers which she intended to give to the Queen, so Outram lifted her on to the step of the carriage and the girl gave the flowers to the Queen.

When the Prince had heard the old man's story he shook hands with him and wished him luck.



## CHAPTER XX

### Goodbye to the Union

PRINCE GEORGE saw another sample of South Africa's mineral wealth when he arrived at Kimberley on Saturday morning, 17th March. Kimberley is as famous for its diamonds as Johannesburg is for its gold, but, whereas gold has met with a constant demand, diamonds are, like ostrich feathers, subject to the whims of fashion and the opulence or otherwise of the public. The once flourishing city of Kimberley was merely a shadow of its former self when the Prince visited the town. The depression alone was severe enough to affect the diamond market; but the big producers in Kimberley had another difficulty with which to contend. Diamonds have been found in their millions in the alluvial diggings which abound in the Union. And on the Atlantic coast of the Union, in Namaqualand, diamonds may be picked up for the mere effort of scratching the sea-sand. In fact, they are so easily procurable there that the Namaqualand fields have been surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements. The result has been that the production is greater than the demand, and the blue

ground mines on which Kimberley thrived and prospered for so many years have had to be closed down. Fortunately, De Beers Company, the conception of that great Empire builder, Cecil Rhodes, who amalgamated the Kimberley diamond producing companies, thereby securing a controlled output, has been able to withstand the extremely trying period of recent years. There are indications that conditions are now improving, and that it will be possible in the not distant future to re-start operations in Kimberley. In fact, it was freely rumoured that De Beers would arrange their announcement of the reopening of the mines to synchronise with the Prince's visit, but it was a case of the wish being father to the thought.

After being formally welcomed to the town by the Mayor, the Prince proceeded to the offices of De Beers Company, and there he saw diamonds weighing 170,000 carats scintillating in the morning light. He admired this great display of stones, valued at about £800,000, and, walking slowly along the tables, he asked numerous questions about the industry. Dr. A. G. W. Compton, a director of the Company, presented a particularly fine nine-carat uncut diamond to the Prince, together with a permit legalising his possession of the stone, for the possession of an uncut diamond without a permit is an infringement of the Illicit Diamond Buying laws.

The Prince also saw the great Kimberley Mine, which is the largest hole in the earth's crust ever made by man. It is about 1,300 feet

deep, but slimy water has risen to 450 feet from the bottom. It is stated that nobody has ever been able to throw a stone into the water. Several members of the Prince's staff endeavoured to secure the credit of being the first to do this, but, like so many others, they failed hopelessly. Eventually a native rolled some large boulders into the hole, and these crashed down, the splash echoing like an explosion.

Kimberley natives gave the Prince the name of " Marokapula " (" Hail Mighty Rainmaker ") when he visited them, the native spokesman explaining that they had all been much impressed with the fact that as he went round the country rain always preceded the Prince. The Prince replied that the fact that bountiful rains had accompanied his visit had given him much pleasure, and he was very pleased to be known by the name they had given him. " It reminds me too," he added, with a smile, " that the resultant fertility gives me quite a wrong impression of the country."

Always fond of animals, the Prince displayed the greatest interest in de Beer's kennels where a large number of Alsations are kept and trained for the purpose of guarding the diamond fields or mines. The kennels are in charge of Mr. A. F. Marsberg, the famous Springbok rugger full-back, and he gave the Prince a demonstration of how Alsations are trained and of how they deal with strange natives.

On Sunday night, 18th March, His Royal Highness began the last lap of his tour of the

Union. His last halt in Union territory was at Mafeking, which he reached on Monday afternoon, and there, in this border town, the scene of a prolonged siege during the Boer War, and probably more famous because of the fact that it was there that Baden-Powell conceived the idea of the Boy Scout movement, the Prince had a typically loyal welcome. The Prince arrived in full uniform to attend a gathering of Baralong tribesmen.

During these last days in the Union the Prince referred in his speeches in general terms to impressions that had been made on him in the course of the tour. Replying to the natives' address he said, "I am about to leave the Union of South Africa after having travelled many miles within its borders. I am happy that at this, my last meeting with natives in that Dominion, you have confirmed the impression I have gained of the sincere loyalty of the native population to the King and the Government."

Chief Lekoko, presenting a magnificent jackal skin kaross to the Prince, said Queen Victoria took a great fancy to the skin of the jackal. It was therefore with great pleasure that the Baralong tribe made a presentation of skins of the same animal to the Prince.

The coloured people also came in for a word of commendation when the Prince addressed an assembly of coloured people at Mafeking. "On going through the Union," he said, "I have seen something of the work you have done in building up South Africa, and I appreciate the part the

coloured and native peoples have taken in the development of the industry and commerce of this country."

And finally, addressing the Europeans at Mafeking's civic reception, the Prince spoke with gratitude of the reception he had received in the Union.

"As this is the last stage of my tour through the Union," declared the Prince, "I should like to take this opportunity to say how much I have enjoyed my visit, and how deeply I appreciate the warm welcome and kind hospitality that I have received on all occasions from all sections of the population of this country. I can well understand why so many people from overseas remain and make this land their permanent home. Quite apart from its good climate and the generous hospitality and true friendship of its people, my personal experience has made me realise the variety of its attractions and the richness of its natural resources. I am indeed glad to have had the opportunity to see this for myself, and in doing so to gain some first-hand knowledge of many of your interesting problems. I know what bad times you have been through these last years, but now that there have been good rains and that the depression is lifting, I hope you will soon experience a revival of prosperity."

The same evening (19th March) the handsome White Train slipped across the Union border into Bechuanaland, and, as far as the Union was concerned, Prince George's visit had terminated. The Prince spent his last minutes in the

Union with the South African members of his staff and Government officials in the dining-saloon "Protea," and as the train crossed the Border the little group, led by Mr. W. J. H. Farrell (Under-Secretary, Union Prime Minister's Department), who had managed the tour with great ability, drank the Prince's health. The pleasant ceremony was interrupted by the arrival of the train at Lobtasi where a large gathering on the station chanted, "We want our Prince" until the Prince left the "Protea" and showed himself at the door of the coach to be loudly cheered.

Earlier in the day the White Train had caught up to the Pilot Train, which the Prince boarded and inspected. He travelled on the Pilot for some miles, during which he had a look at the dark-room where, despite the difficulties presented by tropical heat, the photographers developed the pictures they had taken. The Prince also inspected the Post Office and made numerous enquiries about the difficult task of maintaining communication between the rapidly moving trains and the outside world. Indeed, the Post Office was one of the most highly organised sides of the tour. Day and night, no matter where the train might be, communication was maintained with London to enable the Prince to communicate with Buckingham Palace at the shortest notice, or to be communicated with. Furthermore, throughout the day news telegrams, by special arrangement with Reuters, poured into the trains, which were never isolated from the

outside world. His Royal Highness, always highly sensible of the elaborate arrangements for his comfort, expressed great admiration for the organisation that had produced such excellent service.

The first stop across the border was at Gaberones, and there the Prince found awaiting him a farewell message from General Hertzog, Prime Minister of the Union. In typically courteous sentences the Prime Minister bade farewell to the Prince. His telegram read as follows :

"As Your Royal Highness is on the point of departing from Union territory, I wish, on behalf of the Government and people of the Union, to bid you a hearty farewell. While it is regretted that the exigencies of Parliamentary work make it impossible for my colleagues and myself personally to convey our farewell wishes to you, we desire to assure you that the people of the Union are deeply sensible of and appreciate highly the honour done to them by your visit.

"The many kind words and actions by Your Royal Highness will long be remembered by them with affection. We trust that your tour has not proved too strenuous and hope that Your Royal Highness will carry back with you memories of the most pleasant and affectionate kind of your short stay in our midst.

"We wish you *bon voyage* for the remainder of your journey and would feel delighted if, upon your arrival back in the United Kingdom, you could personally assure His Majesty the King of

the hearty welcome you received from all sections of the community in the Union."

To this friendly message the Prince replied in gracious terms. His telegram was as follows:

"I deeply appreciate the good wishes you have sent me on behalf of the Union on the conclusion of my tour through this country, and it is hard for me adequately to express my gratitude for your kindness. I have had a most enjoyable visit, and in the short time at my disposal I have been fortunate enough to gain some knowledge of your various interests and activities, and only regret I could not have spent a longer time amongst you.

"I should like to thank, through you, the people of the Union whole-heartedly for the warm receptions and generous hospitality they have extended to me on every occasion, and I can assure you I shall always retain the happiest recollections and lasting impressions of my tour. On my return to the United Kingdom I shall not fail to convey your message to His Majesty the King, who will, I know, be very glad to hear of the hearty welcome I have received from all sections of the community of this country.

"In saying goodbye, I hope that the revival of prosperity which is now evident in many districts will extend throughout the country and continue undisturbed, so that the Union and its people, in whose welfare I am so keenly interested, will increasingly flourish."—GEORGE.

In the short space of six weeks His Royal Highness had travelled four thousand miles by



train and two thousand five hundred miles by motor car. He had visited forty-four towns, and received well over fifty addresses of welcome, apart from Indian and native affirmations of loyalty. Throughout the tour the Prince's reception had been uniformly spontaneous and enthusiastic, and this was due in no small measure to the kindness he had displayed towards everybody with whom he had come into contact. Every one of the seventy-seven persons connected with the two trains had worked ceaselessly to ensure that the tour should be conducted with the greatest possible smoothness, and their efforts were rewarded by the appreciation so often expressed by the Prince, and the fact that there was never even a suggestion of a hitch of any kind.

I am sure there can be no doubt about the fulfilment of the desire expressed by General Hertzog when he telegraphed to the Prince, before his arrival on South African shores, that "We trust that your stay with us will not only bring you nearer to the hearts of the people, but will also secure to them a lasting place in your affections." Prince George most certainly won his way into the hearts of all South Africans.

## CHAPTER XXI

### Chief Tshekedi Khama

I PAID two visits to the Bechuanaland Protectorate within seven months, and nothing could have been in sharper contrast than the reasons for these journeys. On the first occasion it was my duty to report the unfortunate affair which made Bechuanaland a front-page story in the English newspapers, and which culminated in a naval expedition proceeding to Bechuanaland from Simonstown, the suspension of Chief Tshekedi Khama, and his removal from his country to Francistown. Subsequently Vice-Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans, who, in his capacity as Acting High Commissioner, had suspended Tshekedi, travelled to Bechuanaland to reinstate the Chief. My second visit to Bechuanaland was with Prince George, and it was extremely gratifying to observe that the suspicion and sullenness of seven months ago had given way to a pleasant, conciliatory atmosphere, in which native chiefs and Administration officials appeared to be on the best of terms and anxious to co-operate with each other in endeavouring to surmount the tribulations forced on the country

by unprecedented drought and the outbreak of cattle diseases. Nor could anything have been more exactly correct than Tshekedi Khama's demeanour in the presence of the Prince, and his well-expressed affirmation of loyalty.

Tshekedi Khama, in his early 30's, is an interesting man. Youngest son of the great Chief Khama, who ruled the Bamangwato, the most influential tribe in the territory, with a rod of iron, and who, like so many other native chiefs, came to regard Queen Victoria as a sort of fairy god-mother, Tshekedi, while a boy at Lovedale College, in the Cape Province, was unexpectedly called upon to rule the tribe when his elder brother died, leaving only a small child to succeed him. Tshekedi is really the Regent until such time as the tribe may summon his nephew Seretsi, who is studying at Lovedale, to succeed him. Of sober and studious habits, Tshekedi appears to have absorbed all the best features of civilisation as a result of his contact with Europeans. He has strong religious feelings, and endeavours to rule his tribe, and the large tract of fine cattle country they occupy, in the most enlightened way. He is able to think for himself, but this, unfortunately, in the eyes of the white man, is not always a virtue in a native. But that he is an able ruler, well qualified to hold the important position he occupies, cannot be questioned.

It is impossible to explain the metamorphosis in Bechuanaland without referring to the incident that led to Tshekedi's suspension. It is neither politic nor desirable that any emphasis



PRINCE GEORGE GREETING THE AFRICAN CHIEF TSHEKEDI

*Facing page 102*



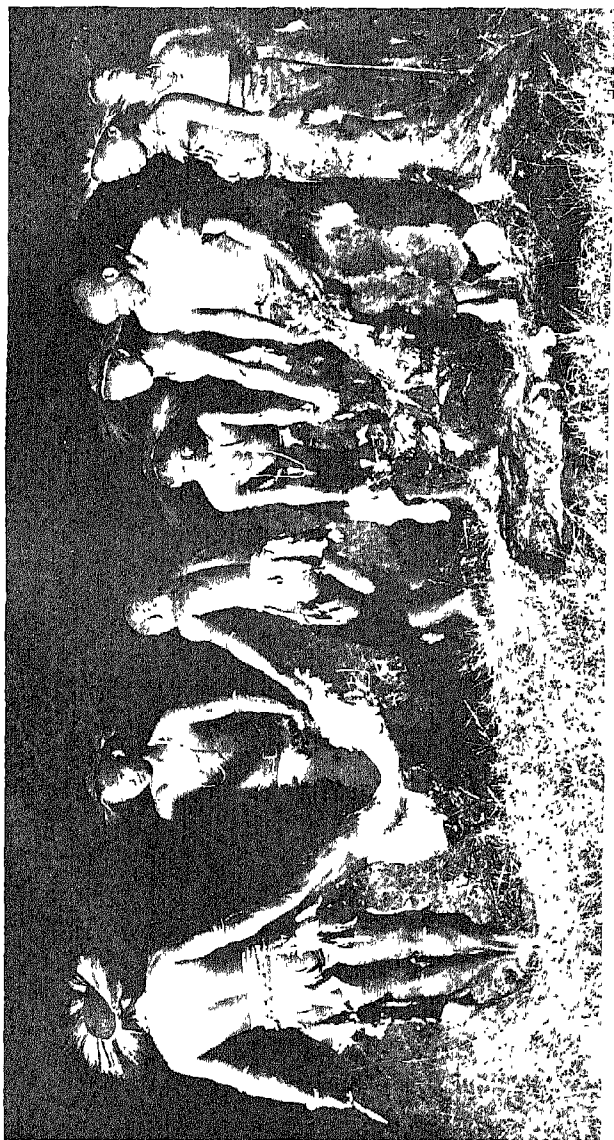
should be laid on the affair, especially as there is a desire, common to both sides, to bury the hatchet; but Prince George's happy visit to Bechuanaland seemed to me to be the balm that finally closed up a healing wound, and that wound must be explained.

On a Monday morning, seven months ago, a surprised country awoke to read in the newspapers that a naval force of four hundred men and three field howitzers had left Simonstown on Sunday evening for Bechuanaland to deal with a recalcitrant chief who had ordered a white man to be flogged. A couple of mornings later the peaceful atmosphere of Palapye Road was disturbed by the sound of bugles, the marching of troops, and the rattle of the guns as they were off-loaded and prepared for the march to Serowe, the native town about thirty miles from Palapye Road. Chief Tshekedi, the chief in question, was summoned before a Court of Inquiry, which clearly established the fact (albeit admitted by Tshekedi) that the Chief, in his "kgotla" (native court) had ordered a white man to be flogged. The white man, true enough, was admitted to be an undesirable resident in a native reserve, and was there and then expelled from Tshekedi's territory. Admiral Evans, in his capacity as Acting High Commissioner, decided that there must be no variation to the inflexible rule that no native has any jurisdiction over a white man. With his force, he proceeded to Serowe, where he announced to the Bamangwato tribe that he had decided that their Chief was to

be suspended and removed from the reserve. Ten thousand half-starved, sullen and stupefied natives saw their chief taken away; minor chiefs offered to go into exile with him—the measure of their regard for him—but Tshekedi dissuaded them from doing so; and many of the Europeans in Bechuanaland expressed regret at the departure of a Chief who had always displayed the greatest courtesy in his dealings with them. Communications flashed between the Dominions Office and the Acting High Commissioner, and upon Tshekedi disavowing claim to any right to jurisdiction over a white man, Admiral Evans subsequently returned to Serowe and there restored a popular chief to his delighted people.

One gathered that the incident was the culmination of a lengthy period of friction between the Chief and the Administration, but after Tshekedi's reinstatement a better atmosphere prevailed, and when Prince George reached Gaberones he found Tshekedi there anxious to show once more to the best of his ability his never doubted and unswerving loyalty to the Throne. It was extremely gratifying to observe the pleasant spirit of willing co-operation that had dispelled the previous atmosphere of suspicion.

The White Train reached Gaberones on the night of 19th March. It was a typical African night—millions of stars twinkled in a black sky; the air was still, except for the excited chatter of the natives who watched the train arrive; and the sandy motor tracks, which do duty for roads



NATIVE CELEBRATIONS AT GABERONES, BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE

Dividing portions of the forty oxen which were roasted whole





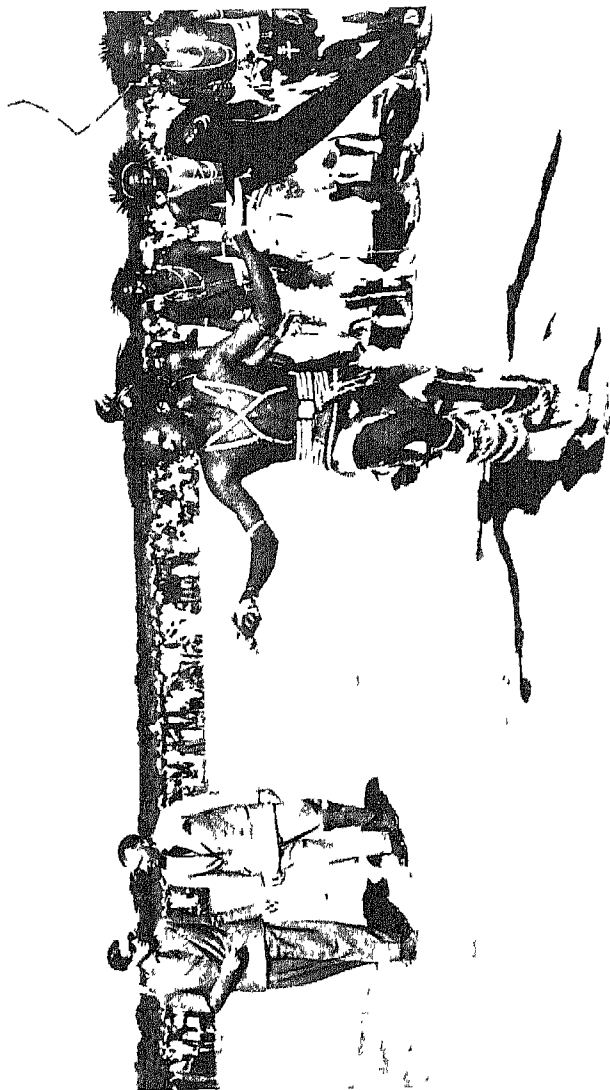
in this country, seemed to strike a wall of inky blackness only a few yards from the railway line. The High Commissioner (Sir Herbert Stanley) and Lady Stanley, and the Resident Commissioner (Colonel C. F. Rey) had preceded the Prince to Gaberones, and had been actively occupied in completing the arrangements for his reception the following day. In the bush, a few miles from the station, natives, clad in their scanty skins and beads, sat around huge fires roasting whole oxen, discussing the plans for the dances and sports to be held the next day in honour of the Prince's visit. In the half light, away from the fierce heat of the fires, stood Europeans in their dinner-jackets watching the natives roasting their meat. The scene might easily have been a fantasy.

The camps were early astir the following morning. All the principal chiefs of Bechuanaland, with about five thousand of their followers, assembled at the Police Camp, and there they gave the Prince an enthusiastic but respectful welcome when he arrived, wearing his white naval uniform, escorted by a mounted police patrol. Each chief came forward in turn to greet the Prince, and handed to the interpreter an address which was read in English. Perhaps the most significant point noticeable in the addresses of all the tribes was their emphasis on their loyalty to the Throne and their desire to remain under the control of the British Government. Apparently, as far as the natives are concerned, there is no desire for, and only anxiety lest, a proposal which has recently been in the forefront of politics should

lead to the annexation of Bechuanaland by the Union of South Africa.

Dressed in a dark grey suit with a white shirt and a light grey hat, Tshekedi respectfully greeted the Prince, whose presence, he said in his address, provided evidence of the King's unfailing interest in the native people. After referring to the Prince of Wales' visit nine years ago, Tshekedi said that these visits of the great-grandsons of "the never-to-be-forgotten Queen Victoria" were greatly appreciated. Tshekedi asked that the arrangement made by Chief Khama and other chiefs with Queen Victoria for the protection of British rule should be prolonged.

Each chief presented a kaross to the Prince, but none was able to produce gifts of such magnificence as those brought by Tshekedi. His four advisers carried forward a large bundle wrapped in a Union Jack, which, when unfolded, revealed the most beautiful set of karosses ever presented to a visitor. Kaross after kaross, all splendid examples of best native workmanship, was lifted up before the Prince's eyes. His Royal Highness regarded them with the greatest interest, and was obviously moved by their magnificence. There were silver jackal karosses, Cape long-eared jackal karosses, a magnificent leopard skin let into a large square lion skin, with a representation of a native shield let into the back, and finally an enormous black-maned lion skin set in a huge square. Each gift was more striking than the last, and each had been specially made for the Prince. Each chief was summoned in turn to the



NATIVE CELEBRATIONS AT GABERONES, BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE

Prince George inspecting the performers before the Makgoana dance



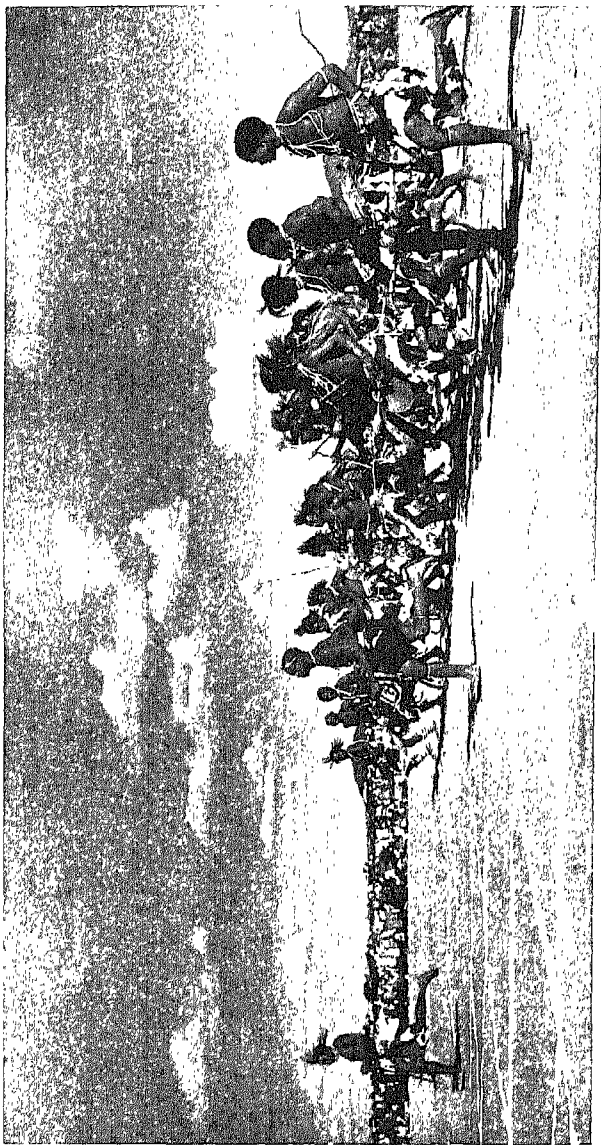
Royal Dais and presented by the Prince with a silver-mounted walking stick. After Tshekedi had received his gift and shaken hands with the Prince, he brought forward his mother, Queen Semane, widow of Khama, with whom the Prince also shook hands.

Replying to the addresses, His Royal Highness expressed appreciation of the reception he had received and of the presents given to him. He assured the natives that he would convey to the King the loyal sentiment expressed by the chiefs. He referred with regret to the difficult period through which the Protectorate had passed. "I am, however, glad," he continued, "that, thanks to the energetic measures which have been taken by the Administration and the ready co-operation which has been given by the people, the foot and mouth disease has been stamped out, and that once again you are beginning to be able to export your produce. I hope sincerely that before long your trade will once again flourish." He concluded his speech by raising his right hand and saluting the natives with the word "Pula" (Rain), and the natives rose to their feet and echoed back "Pula, pula."

Despite the broiling heat of a summer's afternoon, His Royal Highness attended a native sports meeting, where he appeared to enjoy the well-mixed variety of the performances. He liked most of all the pot dance, which was performed by native women, who, skilfully balancing native water pots on their heads, jogged along in fantastic curves like a sort of follow-my-leader

game. The most spectacular event was the Makgoana dance by boys graduating to manhood. The boys, dressed in oxhide and beads, and with a halo-like headgear of fine down feathers, by strange movements and words sought to propitiate the weather gods and cause the rain. One supposed that the dance was performed merely for the Prince's edification, because only recently Bechuanaland had been blessed with copious rains which had transformed it from a veritable desert into a pleasantly green sward. One event that caused a good deal of laughter was the chicken race, in which piccanins (little boys) lined up and chickens were released for them to catch, which they did after the use of much speed and strategy. Then there were peculiar donkey and ox races, and a race for strong men carrying sacks of maize. Altogether an enjoyable afternoon of unique and entertaining sports, which interested the Prince from start to finish.

But the Prince had not finished his activities for the day. Always keen on exercise, he arranged to have a long run with Mr. Len Richardson, the well-known South African and Olympic long-distance runner, who was attached to the Royal party as the South African Newspaper Press Union's official photographer. Wearing shorts and sweaters, the Prince and Mr. Richardson ran five and a half miles along the railway track in sub-tropical heat. The Prince displayed excellent staying power and finished the run strongly. Indeed, Mr. Richardson was surprised at the Prince's stamina, especially as the heat was



**NATIVE CELEBRATIONS AT GABERONES, BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE**

The Makgouma dance, which symbolizes the passing of youth into manhood, in progress





extremely trying and they were running at an altitude of four thousand feet. At one period Mr. Richardson suggested that they should turn, but the Prince's reply was to increase the pace. As the pair jogged along the track with perspiration pouring from their faces, natives casually observed them, little knowing that one of the runners was the Prince, who, in the morning, was the imposing figure in white uniform and the brilliant Garter Ribbon, to whom they had paid homage. The Prince had several of these runs, and Mr. Richardson, in an entertaining article in the *Johannesburg Star*, commented on them as follows :

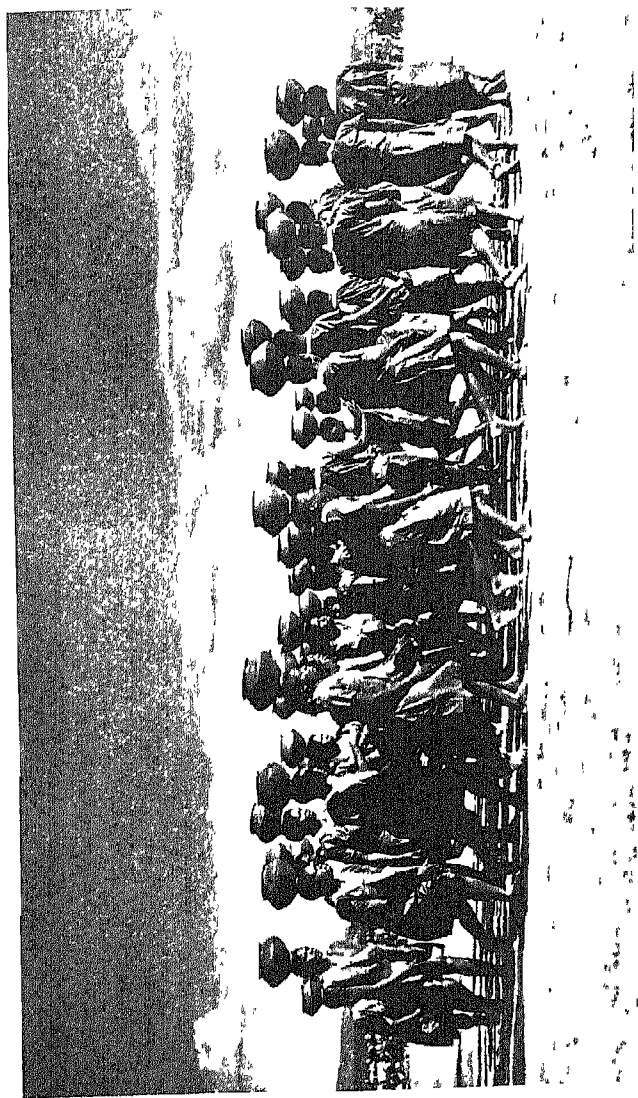
“ I had several runs with the Prince before the tour ended and I think he enjoyed them. I know I did. If he had the time for training, and with a correction of faulty body carriage, the Prince would be a really good runner. He has the physical qualities that make for stamina—diaphragm set low and long, sloping, elastic muscles. His slimness is deceptive. It conceals considerable strength and staying power—the quality which enables him to carry out a host of engagements, do with a minimum of sleep, and yet remain remarkably fit.”

## CHAPTER XXII

### Southern Rhodesia

IT was only natural that Southern Rhodesia, an intensely loyal colony, should invite the Prince to continue his journey from the Union to Britain's newest self-governing colony. Rhodesia has not yet attained its fullest stature, but even as I write, early in the month of May, the Rhodesian Parliament has passed a resolution requesting the extension of its control of its own affairs to that of a full self-governing dominion.

Prince George liked Rhodesia. Like most visitors he found something extraordinarily fascinating about the way in which a bare thirty thousand white people rule a country three times the size of England and containing one million natives. They have their pretty capital town of Salisbury; they have a Governor and two Government Houses; there are railways, roads, and all the usual departments of State; and every amenity that is associated with a self-governing country. Taxation is light—an Englishman's mouth waters when you tell him that income tax for a married couple is only a shilling in the pound for incomes of £800 and over. And Southern Rhodesia is



NATIVE CELEBRATIONS AT GABERONES BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE

The rhythmic Pot dance performed by native Girl Guides



justly proud of the fact that it sent a larger proportion of its white population to the front during the Great War than any other part of the Empire. Rhodesia is Cecil Rhodes' dream come true in part only. Rhodes' conception of a great British State in Southern Africa embraced not only Rhodesia, but also the Union of South Africa as it now exists. And when Union became an accomplished fact in 1910, a great step towards the realisation of Rhodes' dream was taken. But its final attainment received a setback when in 1922 Southern Rhodesia, probably fearing the expansion of nationalism in the Union, elected to become a self-governing colony in preference to joining the Union as a fifth province. Rhodesians decided to paddle their own canoe, and the country's rapid development shows that they have done it exceedingly well. Their country is likely, however, to become a bulwark of white civilisation in Africa, as the Crown colonies to the North are predominantly native, and the Colonial Office's policy of the Africanisation of the Government services will not encourage Southern Rhodesia to become merged into a new African dominion with Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, as has been mooted.

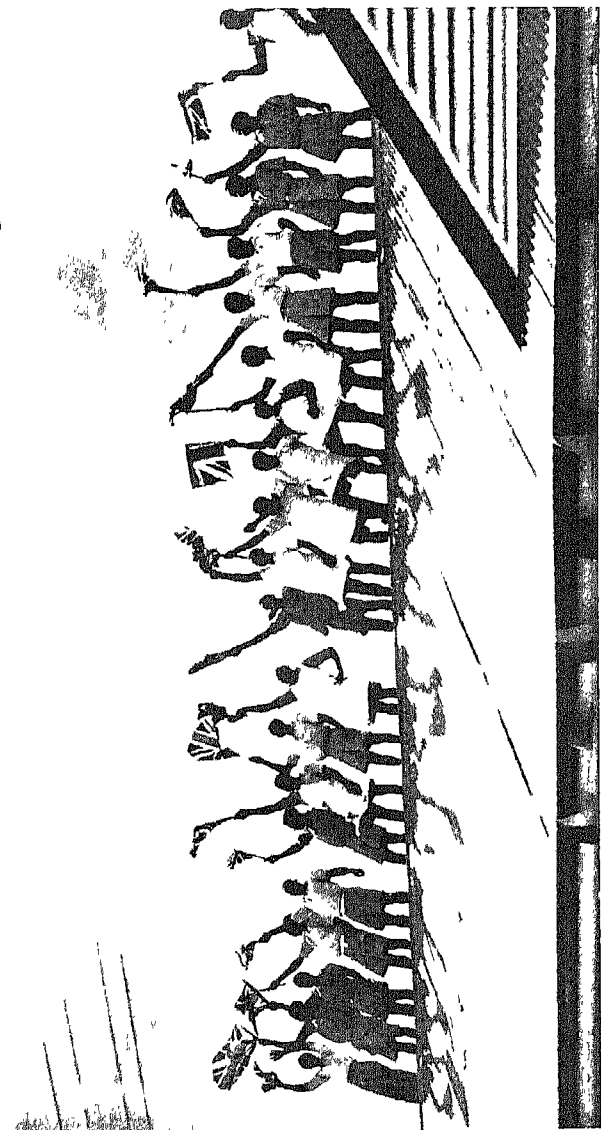
From 1889 until 1921, Southern Rhodesia was governed by the British South Africa Company under a Royal Charter. The romantic career of this Company, founded by Cecil Rhodes, is largely the history of the country which it did so much to develop. The Buxton Commission in 1921 paid a striking tribute to the colonising

work of the Company, and added that but for the enterprise, courage, and resource of Cecil Rhodes, Northern and Southern Rhodesia would have fallen into alien hands.

The Prince revealed in his speeches in Southern Rhodesia that he was fully aware of the romance attached to the country—romance that has provided novelists with a good deal of material for thrilling stories.

At Bulawayo, on Wednesday, 21st March, the travellers said goodbye to the famous White Train which had been the home of the Prince and his staff for six hectic weeks. The train was broken up at Bulawayo, the major portion being returned to the Union, but Lady Clarendon and General Hertzog had come to the assistance of the Rhodesian Railways by lending their private coaches for the Prince's use for the remainder of his African tour. A new and extremely comfortable train was marshalled at Bulawayo, but the conspicuous White Train, that had made such a great impression on the natives as it slid through the countryside, lost its identity.

The Prince arrived at Bulawayo on Wednesday afternoon. He had taken leave of the South African officials the previous night and they returned to the Union almost immediately. The Prince was not ceremoniously received at Bulawayo as he was merely passing through the station on his way to Salisbury, but the Governor (Sir Cecil Rodwell, G.C.M.G.) came to the station to greet His Royal Highness privately. New officials took over the train arrangements,



AT FORT VICTORIA, RHODESIA A ROOF-TOP GREETING FOR PRINCE GEORGE





and Mr. Lanigan O'Keeffe (Minister of Justice and Internal Affairs) joined the train as the Minister in Attendance.

A detour from the direct route to Salisbury was made to enable the Prince to visit Fort Victoria and the famous Zimbabwe Ruins. It was not inappropriate that the Prince's first official welcome in Rhodesia should be extended to him in the oldest white settlement. It was at Fort Victoria that the 1893 column established itself when it reached Mashonaland, and it was there that Captain Lendy's skirmish with the invading Matabele occurred, precipitating the war on Lobengula which led to European control over all Rhodesia. There were a few of the old pioneers in the large parade of ex-service men who greeted the Prince when, under the shadow of an old look-out tower, he was formally welcomed to the town.

Later in the morning the Prince motored the seventeen miles to the Zimbabwe Ruins, whose origin has baffled archæologists for many years. Romance dies hard, and the most fantastic theories as to the origin of these astonishing ruins are more or less frequently proffered to add fuel to the fire of acute controversy which has centred around them. One school of thought associates them with Assyrian and Phœnician influence; experts have ascribed the ruins to Arab origin; Professor Frobenius recently traced Mesopotamian influences; and Miss G. Caton-Thompson attributes them to high Bantu culture flourishing in the middle ages. But whatever

their origin, the Prince found these weird ruins intensely interesting, and he clambered over them with a zest and energy that left his companions breathless. He made easy work of the 350-foot climb to the top of the acropolis, which majestically dominates the ruins and the surrounding country which spreads out below it. He sat on a rock at the summit, and, smoking a cigarette, admired the magnificent view at his feet, green country rolling away to the distant Morgenster Mountains.

A glorious episode of Rhodesian history was recalled when the Prince visited the Shangani Patrol grave, where Major Alan Wilson and members of his patrol were buried after being killed by Lobengula's impis on the banks of the Shangani River in 1893 during the Matabele Rebellion. The remains were removed in 1914 to World's View in the Matopos, a stately site reserved in accordance with the desire expressed in Rhodes' will for the burial of men "who have deserved well of their country."

Always interested in medical work, His Royal Highness in the afternoon undertook a long journey of about forty miles into the Rhodesian bush to visit the Ngomahura Leprosy Hospital, where Dr. B. Moiser is doing splendid work among native lepers. Driving his car himself, the Prince travelled at a fast speed over the country roads, through drifts and between bushes and grass which brushed the sides of the car. The Prince had a new experience when he drove through a swarm of locusts in flight. He had



#### AT ZIMBABWE RUINS

Prince George and party overlooking the valley from the Acropolis

*Facing page 124*



heard a good deal of the ravages of this much-dreaded enemy of the farmer. At the hospital the Prince was accorded one of the most unusual greetings of his tour. Five hundred lepers, in various stages of the disease's mutilation, greeted the Prince with a husky shout of "inkoos," to which His Royal Highness responded by waving his hand. Much to the natives' delight he walked along their ranks despite the fact that some of the cases were rather disagreeable sights. These poor creatures have found a friend indeed in Dr. Moiser, who has done a great deal to arrest the spread of the disease. Retiring after twenty-one years of work among lepers in Nigeria, Dr. Moiser was unable to give up his work, and, going to Rhodesia, he founded the institution which the Prince visited and admired. The Prince spent some time with Dr. and Mrs. Moiser and congratulated them on the humane work they were doing among the natives.

The Prince reached Salisbury, Rhodesia's extremely pleasant capital, on Friday morning, 23rd March. On the station to meet him were the Governor and Lady Rodwell, the Prime Minister (Mr. M. Huggins) and other members of the Cabinet, Mr. Justice Hudson and many other prominent Rhodesians. After inspecting a very smart guard of honour mounted by the Rhodesian Regiment, the Prince, who wore his white naval uniform and helmet, drove through the town to the Town House. He was received enthusiastically by the town's people, who cheered him heartily as the Royal car travelled slowly along the well-

decorated streets. On the lawns surrounding the new and handsome Town House, a great crowd gave the Prince an enthusiastic ovation and punctuated with cheers the speech of warm welcome made by the Mayor (Mr. J. Reid-Rowland). The Prince's speech made a deep impression on the crowd, especially his references to the necessity for increasing the country's white population. "In its political, municipal, mining and agricultural development," said the Prince, "the country has well fulfilled the expectations of its founder, Cecil Rhodes. If Rhodesia is to exercise an influence upon African affairs in keeping with her ambitions, I can understand the importance of adding further to the number of its population, even though this has increased enormously in the last twenty years." The Prince added that he thought there were few colonies offering better opportunities to settlers from Britain. Among the many people with whom the Prince shook hands at the Town House was Mr. A. Musson, an interesting old character. In Rhodesia the most honoured people are the few surviving members of the 1893 pioneer column. But Mr. Musson is, as it were, pre-pioneer, and he regards 1893 pioneers in rather the same manner that a senior schoolboy adopts towards a boy in the preparatory school. For Mr. Musson, after being the friend and adviser of Chief Khama in Bechuanaland for several years, moved on to Rhodesia, which he penetrated before Rhodes and the pioneer columns appeared on the scene. Mr. Musson, who was born near Capetown 85 years ago, was present at

the opening of the Alfred Docks at Capetown in 1870 by Prince Alfred. The Prince shook the old man's hand very heartily.

After five thousand children had given him a frantic reception in the Public Park, the Prince visited eighteen pioneers, who paraded for him in front of the War Memorial, on which he laid a wreath. It was an afternoon of contrasts—from the Rhodesians of to-morrow the Prince walked across to the Rhodesians of yesterday, the men who had battled their way through the country along sandy tracks, many of which they cut through the bush themselves. Like old soldiers, these pioneers are steadily fading away, and a parade of eighteen at Salisbury was regarded as being extremely satisfactory. The Prince shook hands with every one of them, and they told him titbits about their adventurous careers.

At his own request the Prince was motored to the hospital, which he carefully inspected. He walked through all the wards, spending most time in the children's ward, where he had a happy welcome from the small patients.

The guest of Sir Cecil and Lady Rodwell, the Prince had a comparatively quiet week-end at Government House. He played golf on the excellent course of the Royal Salisbury Club, and, despite the great heat, had several games of squash. The Prince also saw something of the beautiful tree-lined streets of the town as he drove to various places to fulfil his engagements. Salisbury is one of the prettiest towns south of the equator, certainly the prettiest in Rhodesia.



Continuing the practice he adopted in the Union, the Prince paid special attention to ex-soldiers in Rhodesia, and during the week-end he visited an enthusiastic gathering of veterans who gave His Royal Highness a robust reception. The leader, Mr. A. G. Cook, quoted striking figures to illustrate the loyalty of Rhodesians. He said that no less than eighty per cent of the male population of Southern Rhodesia, between the ages of 18 and 45, had enlisted in the services during the Great War. The Prince replied that he was aware of the fine record Rhodesians secured during the war, and he heartened those ex-soldiers who have not had the best of luck by expressing the opinion that the corner had been turned and that prosperity was coming back.

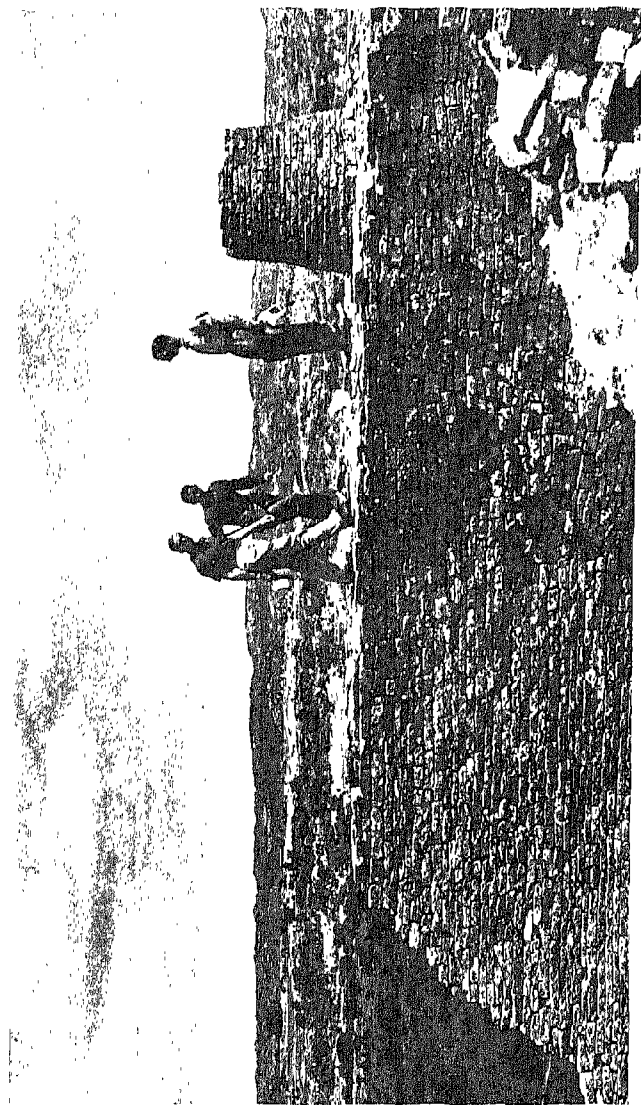
Crawling into the Prince's presence on their hands and knees, eight Mashona chiefs assured the Prince of their loyalty when, in full naval uniform, he attended a native gathering at which about five thousand natives were present. The Mashonas are a servile race; they are inferior, both in stature and development, to the Matabele and the fine native races of the Union. In fact, Mashona means "dog," a name given to them by the Matabele who, crossing the Limpopo River, descended on Mashonaland in 1837 and, over-running the country, established themselves there. The native chiefs, who had travelled from all parts of the country to greet the Prince, were supported by a large number of minor chiefs, all of whom received the Prince with rhythmical clapping of hands when he arrived.

The eight principal chiefs approached the Royal dais with the greatest deference, their colleagues clapping in unison all the time. They bore with them a handsome gift for the Prince. It took the shape of a gun-rack made of elephant tusks, each thirty inches long, raised on a polished piece of African ebony, with mountings made from bars of African silver. These eight old men provided the Prince with an incongruous sight. Some of them wore ordinary European clothes, others were trouserless, and all were trembling with nervousness as they hesitatingly laid their gift on a Union Jack at the Prince's feet. Chief Mangwendi, sitting on his haunches, and clasping his hands as if in supplication, haltingly assured the Prince of the loyalty of the Mashona chiefs, and when words failed him, he was prompted by Chief Mashayangnombe, their words being interpreted to the Prince. It was a quaint affair which held the Prince's interest. "As a son of His Majesty the King and a great-grandchild of Queen Victoria," Prince George thanked the natives for their greeting and the gift they had brought to him. His Royal Highness presented silver-mounted walking sticks to the eight chiefs, each of whom crawled forward on hands and knees, squatted in front of the Prince, and clapped his hands in accordance with the Mashona's unique salute. The presentation was rather a tedious business, as each chief insisted on clapping both before and after receiving the stick, and then, with deep obeisance, retiring from the Royal presence.

One of the most impressive displays seen by

the Prince on his whole tour was that performed by the boys of the Dombashawa Industrial School, who, clad in khaki shirts and shorts, gave a remarkable exhibition of physical drill. In perfect unison the young natives, to the order of a native prefect, went through a series of exercises which synchronised with the beating of the dumb-bells they held in their hands. The display reflected the greatest credit on the trainers and the boys themselves, and it delighted the Prince, who expressed his admiration of it.

One of the Prince's last engagements in Salisbury was to lay the corner stone of the nave of Salisbury Cathedral. Many distinguished Rhodesians were invited to Government House while the Prince was there, and he had many opportunities of learning all about Rhodesia at first-hand from the people who rule the country. Among those with whom the Prince had several long chats was Mr. M. Huggins, the Prime Minister, whose skill as a surgeon has earned him renown which is not confined to the borders of the country he rules. Leader of the Reform Party, Mr. Huggins, whose personal popularity is extremely widespread, has had a meteoric career in politics, and the sweeping victory of his party at the last general election was rather unexpected. Newspaper writers relate that on the day that Mr. Huggins took oath as Prime Minister he performed an operation. And the Prime Minister himself recalls, with a broad smile, the speech he made to the archæologists of the British Association, who were endeavouring to solve the riddle



#### AT ZIMBABWE RUINS

Prince George (on left) walking along the walls of the Acropolis



of the Zimbabwe Ruins, which attract many tourists to the country. "Please do not solve the riddle of these ruins," he said to a surprised audience, "because if you do, Rhodesia will be ruined!" His sense of humour is infectious, and the Prince found him a charming conversationalist.

Leaving Salisbury on Sunday night, the Royal train reached Umtali, Rhodesia's eastern gateway, the following morning, and there, on the border of Portuguese East Africa, the Prince had a cordial reception. The centre of a fairly rich gold-mining district and tobacco-growing country, Umtali is one of the most important towns in Rhodesia. Driving under a triumphal arch, the Prince motored to the town gardens where he inspected a splendid parade of ex-service men. Half a dozen Portuguese officers had come across the border to greet the Prince, who shook hands with them, but the most interesting figure was Major R. Wiegand, who was gunnery expert on Ludendorff's staff during the war. In that capacity he was responsible for the guns which bombarded Paris, including the famous Big Bertha. For his work in this connection he was awarded the Iron Cross, which was a conspicuous decoration on his dark blue suit. Major Wiegand, whom the Prince greeted, now farms in Portuguese territory. A small parade of half a dozen pioneers included the Honourable L. Cripps, Speaker of the House of Assembly, who came to Rhodesia with the 1890 column.

Another interesting person who greeted the

Prince was Tom Dhlamani, a Zulu veteran, who was present at the Mashona native gathering which gave the Prince an enthusiastic welcome. Tom has played a unique part in the history of Rhodesia. Cecil Rhodes sent him to Matabeleland as an interpreter, mainly because Zulu sounded very much to Rhodes like the language spoken by the natives in the north with whom he desired to have communication. That was the first episode in an adventurous career. Tom states that he accompanied Lobengula's "indunas" (generals) to England in 1889 when that wily chief desired to be assured that the Queen of the great white race really did exist. The indunas and Tom returned to relate to Lobengula the many wonderful things they had seen. Lobengula was completely won over to Queen Victoria when she sent him a present in the shape of a great necklace of lion's claws, mounted in gold, which the Chief greatly treasured. Having already secured more thrills than ever come to the average native, Tom was destined to be the last man ever to see Major Alan Wilson and his gallant patrol alive. Major Wilson sent Tom back with a message shortly before the Shangani River came down in flood, cutting the patrol off from support, and leaving them to the mercy of thousands of Matabele, who made short work of them. Tom rode with the Jameson raiders as far as Krugersdorp, and in the Great War he volunteered for service in East Africa. Now 68 years of age, Tom lives on the grant of land of one hundred acres near Umtali, made to him by the Rhodesian Government.

His Royal Highness secured relief from the oppressive heat of Umtali when he drove into the lovely Vumba Mountains. Moisture-laden winds blow across Portuguese territory from the Indian Ocean and, striking the mountains of the interior, are forced upward, forming mist clouds. Vumba (The Mountain of the Mist) is frequently enshrouded in a white pall, and there one can enjoy the lovely cool air in summer. The Prince lunched on sandwiches under the shadow of the Chinarounemba Hill (The Hill of Tired Legs), whence a beautiful view stretched from his feet to the towering range of the Chimanimani Mountains many miles distant. The Prince sunbathed and rested in the invigorating atmosphere.

Rhodesia owes a great deal to the Beit Trust, which administers the fund established in 1906 by the will of the late Mr. Alfred Beit. The Trust's function is to spend money on educational, public and charitable purposes in Rhodesia, and already it has conferred inestimable advantages on the country of which Mr. Beit was so proud. The latest work to be undertaken by the Beit Trust is the erection of a great new road bridge across the Sabi River at a point two miles from Moodie's Drift. The bridge will provide an all-the-year route from the Union to the eastern portion of Rhodesia, and will greatly enhance Umtali's importance. Prince George announced, at a Municipal Banquet at Umtali, that this important bridge would be built and completed early in 1935. He added that the bridge would be known as the Birchenough Bridge, after Sir



Henry Birchenough, Chairman of the British South Africa Company.

The journey from Umtali to Gwelo was an exceedingly long one, and it was constantly interrupted by wayside station receptions to the Prince. It was very largely a repetition of the sort of thing that had occurred in the Union. Country people, unable to journey to a town to participate in the celebrations of the Royal visit, were given an opportunity of greeting the Prince wherever possible, and the Prince always responded cheerfully to the demands on his time. In fact, I am not sure that the country people who were fortunate enough to live along the route taken by the Royal train, did not see the Prince to better advantage than the cheering, pushing thousands in the city. The Prince invariably chatted to the majority of the people who formed the small groups on these wayside stations, and he was able to glean a good deal about country life.

During the 18-hour train journey to Gwelo, the Prince left the train at Madzonga, in the heat of the noon sun, and ran along the railway track for four and three-quarter miles with Mr. Richardson. The Prince made a warm pace, despite the overpowering heat, but within fifteen minutes of returning to the train he had changed, and, immaculately dressed, he conversed with people on Hartley Station. Another stop was made at Chigwell, whence the Prince motored to the farm belonging to Lieutenant-Commander A. T. Combe. About sixteen months previously, Lieutenant-Commander Combe was badly mauled

by a lion in Ngamiland. The devotion of his native servants saved his life. They carried him for four days to Livingstone, where his life was despaired of. The best medical assistance was sought, Mr. M. Huggins, the Prime Minister, flying to Livingstone to assist the doctors who were already attending Lieutenant-Commander Combe. He lost his left leg, but his life was saved.

At Gwelo the Prince opened a new native hospital, which has been erected by the Government at a cost of £14,000. This fine building, which is capable of rapid expansion, is part of the Government's policy of taking medical assistance to the native. Mr. Huggins, who flew from Salisbury to be present at the opening, made an interesting speech, in which he outlined the Government's policy. One aspect of that policy, said the Prime Minister, was the work being done in the native reserves. The Government had started a comprehensive scheme for medical treatment. At a central point a fully-equipped hospital, in charge of a European doctor, was provided. Subsidiary to this, and at distances of about fifty miles on good roads, were placed dispensaries in charge of highly-trained orderlies and visited by a doctor every week or fortnight. By these means the Government was able, at a comparatively small cost, to place the benefits of European medicine at the service of a large number of natives. In one area, for instance, said Mr. Huggins, eighty thousand natives had been placed within reasonable distance of medical aid.

Only people who have experienced the great distances of Southern Rhodesia can appreciate to the full the blessing which the Government is conferring on the native. The Prince was able to understand the significance of this policy, and he voiced his appreciation of it when, in opening the hospital, he said, "Everywhere I have been during my tour through this Colony I have been glad to see that the European communities realise their responsibility for the welfare of the native population."

The Prince received a dignified but enthusiastic welcome at Bulawayo when he arrived there on Wednesday morning, 28th March. After greeting the Governor and Lady Rodwell, the Chief Justice (Sir Fraser Russell) and the Mayor (Mr. W. Maver) on the station, His Royal Highness, in white naval uniform, proceeded through the town to Rhodes' statue, where, under the shadow of this memorial to the country's great founder, he was officially welcomed to Bulawayo.

The commercial hub of Southern Rhodesia, Bulawayo is an attractive town with an interesting history. Originally the headquarters of Lobengula, the great Matabele chief, Bulawayo was occupied by the Europeans in 1893, and Lobengula fled. Bulawayo is a Zulu word, which translated means "the place of the killing"—a clue to its sanguinary associations when the powerful chiefs held sway over great tracts of country, ruthlessly suppressing their enemies. The stamp of Cecil Rhodes is indelibly placed on the town in the shape of wide streets, so wide that a wagon and

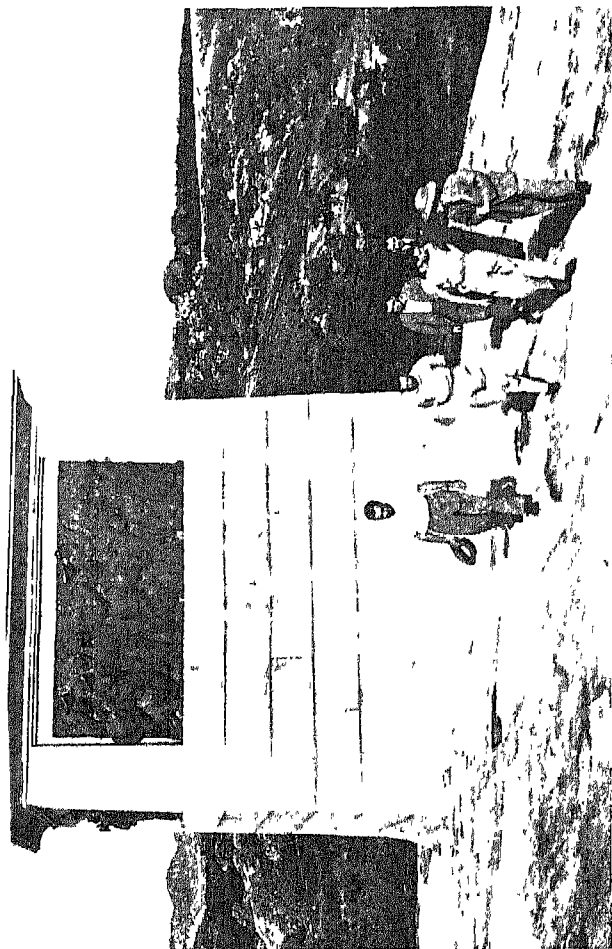
span of oxen can turn in them, as Rhodes decreed they should be able to do.

A large crowd of about five thousand had assembled around Rhodes' statue, and they cheered loudly when the Mayor declared that in loyalty and devotion to the Throne, Rhodesia took second place to no other part of the Empire. And the Prince aroused enthusiasm by saying that he was sure that Bulawayo would fulfil the destiny expected of it by Cecil Rhodes.

The Colony's rebellious past was recalled when the Prince attended a native gathering at the show ground. Here he saw some of the Matabele, the dominant race which swept the country and thought so little of the other natives that they contemptuously called them Mashona (dog). Three old natives hobbled into the Prince's enclosure and squatted on the ground at the Prince's feet. They were prominent native leaders in the turbulent days of 1896 when the Matabele rose and massacred a large number of Europeans. These men were M'Bamba, a brother of Mosilikatse, the Matabele's first chief, who led them from the Transvaal into Matabeleland, and the father of Lobengula; Hawubase, a brother of Lobengula; and Ntola, an induna of the Mabutweni, a section of the Matabele, who was commander of the Mbizo Regiment, Lobengula's crack bodyguard. These former enemies of the white men assured the Prince of their loyalty to the Throne, and the Prince presented walking sticks to them. After the formal ceremony, the Matabele dance began and the warriors sang a

song of rejoicing. "The tusks of the elephant are joined together" was the literal translation of the song, the idea being that in the natives' minds the great Royal families of England and Matabeleland had united.

A man of big ideas, Rhodes decided that no ordinary grave would be suitable for him. He had spent a good deal of time in the great Matopo Hills, about thirty miles from Bulawayo, and on the summit of a hill he personally selected the spot where his body should be buried. There, in the midst of enormous boulders, which resemble the playthings of giants, Rhodes lies, and near him lie the remains of other Rhodesians, for Rhodes decreed that men "who deserved well of their country" should be buried there. Accordingly the bodies of Sir Starr Jameson and Sir Charles Coghlan were placed close to that of their leader, while nearby is the great granite memorial containing the remains of Major Alan Wilson's Shangani patrol. And it is not inappropriate that only a short distance away is the grave of Chief Mosilikatse (meaning "the pathway of blood"). In these hills, Rhodes fearlessly ventured unarmed into the enemy's camp and brought to an end the Matabele Rebellion of 1896. The view from Rhodes' grave is an impressive one, and it had a peculiar fascination for Rhodes. He called it The World's View. One looks across a sea of mountain ranges, which fade away into the distance and eventually become merged into the horizon. In the solitude of this grand scenery Rhodes conceived many of his plans for extending British influence.



PRINCE GEORGE AND PARTY AMONG THE MATOPO HILLS

Beside the tomb of Major Alan Wilson and his men who fell at the Shangani River in 1893

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Accompanied by Sir James M'Donald, Prince George spent some time in the Matopos, which he energetically explored. The great banks of clouds overhead enhanced the beauty of the scenery of The World's View, especially as the sun occasionally broke through, its bright rays picking out hilltops and illuminating them. The Prince admired the view as he stood near the graves of these Rhodesians who had fulfilled the conditions stipulated by Rhodes to share his burial ground, and looked at the rolling mass of ranges in front of him. He placed a wreath of white and red roses and dahlias on the tomb of Cecil Rhodes, and then turned away to examine the Shangani Patrol memorial. There he had an unexpected meeting with Major Alan Wilson's brother, Mr. J. W. Wilson, who, at the age of 72, had journeyed from England to Rhodesia to see his brother's grave. His Royal Highness spoke to Mr. Wilson for several minutes, questioning him about his brother and the coincidence of the meeting.

Leaving Bulawayo on Thursday night, 29th March, the Prince arrived at the Victoria Falls the following morning, to spend the Easter week-end tirelessly exploring the wonderful beauty spots of this amazing phenomenon discovered by Dr. Livingstone in 1855. The astonishing feature of the Victoria Falls is that the country above and below the Falls is on the same level. The Falls are really formed by a great fissure in the earth's surface, into which the waters of the mighty Zambesi River pour. A mile wide and with a



drop of four hundred feet, the Falls presented an inspiring sight when the Prince, changing into a vest and shorts soon after his arrival, hurried from the hotel to have a first look at them. The Zambesi was coming down in flood, and enormous quantities of water were hurtling over the Falls, estimated to amount to one hundred million gallons every minute. During the week-end the river steadily rose as the result of rain in the heart of Africa, and when the Prince left the Falls two days later, it had reached a new record high level. Because of the vast volume of water pouring into the chasm the spray was very dense, and somewhat obscured the view, but the Prince spent so much time around the Falls that he saw every possible aspect of them. Declining to use a waterproof coat, His Royal Highness thoroughly explored the wonders of the Rain Forest, in which he wandered about opposite the Main Cataract until he was drenched to the skin.

The Prince spent many hours energetically visiting every vantage point, despite the uncomfortable heat. He was particularly impressed by the lunar rainbow. There occurred during the visit to the Falls one of these little incidents indicative of the Prince's consideration for those persons whose duty it was to accompany him on his travels. In order that he should not be dogged by photographers on the one day that had been reserved for recreation during his Rhodesian visit, the Prince consented to go down to the Falls with the photographers and to pose there for them, so that he should not again be dis-



PRINCE GEORGE ON THE BRINK OF THE EASTERN CATARACT,  
VICTORIA FALLS

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turbed during his holiday. The photographers took a great many pictures, but were not particularly satisfied with them, because the spray was so dense as to obscure the Falls. The Prince quite accidentally heard that the photographers were not very pleased with the results of their labours, and he sportingly offered to go down again to the Falls the following day with them, which he did. On this occasion there was more wind, and the spray lifted on several occasions, permitting some magnificent pictures to be taken. Everybody was delighted.

The Prince did a lot of walking in the countryside around the hotel, the whole area being a game reserve and abounding with animals and birds. But the Prince unfortunately did not see any crocodiles, which thrive in the Zambesi River. The flood waters had driven the reptiles away.

His Royal Highness finally left Southern Rhodesia on Saturday afternoon, 31st March, after a most successful, but far too rushed, visit to the Colony. The farewell messages amply indicated the popularity of the visit. Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, telegraphed to the Governor, Sir Cecil Rodwell, in the following terms :

“ On the day when Prince George is leaving Southern Rhodesia, His Majesty the King wishes me to express his great appreciation of the general welcome accorded His Royal Highness in the Colony. Prince George's stay in Southern Rhodesia cannot fail to have been a most happy as well as an instructive experience, and His Majesty

is sincerely grateful to you and your Government for the hospitality so kindly extended to him."

To this message the Governor replied to Mr. Thomas:

"The King's gracious message with reference to Prince George's visit is warmly appreciated. My Ministers ask me to reiterate their thanks to His Majesty for permitting Prince George to include Southern Rhodesia in his South African tour, and of expressing the hope that his stay here afforded as much pleasure and satisfaction to His Royal Highness as it has given to the Government and to the people of the Colony, both European and native."

Prince George also telegraphed his appreciation of the Colony's cordial welcome to him in the following telegram to the Governor:

"I want to thank you and Lady Rodwell for all your kindness and hospitality to me during my visit to Southern Rhodesia. Will you please convey to your Ministers how much I enjoyed my visit and how much I appreciated the warm welcomes I received from the inhabitants of the Colony wherever I went? My one regret is that I was unable to stay longer."

His Excellency replied as follows:

"Your Royal Highness's kind message is deeply appreciated by my wife and myself, as well as by my Ministers. We are so glad to think that Your Royal Highness enjoyed your visit to Southern Rhodesia, which has left a most delightful impression and will be remembered with lasting pleasure by all who had the privilege of

welcoming you. With us, too, the unavoidable shortness of Your Royal Highness's stay is the only matter of regret. We wish Your Royal Highness a pleasant journey to the coast and a safe return home."

## CHAPTER XXIII

### Northern Rhodesia

A PERIOD of four and a half days in the Crown Colony of Northern Rhodesia was hardly sufficient to enable Prince George to study thoroughly the complex problems which beset this tract of British territory in the heart of Africa, with an area of nearly six times that of England. The benevolent attitude of the British Government towards the natives' interests has caused misgivings among the European settlers, who, interpreting the Government's policy as detrimental to their own interests, see their only solution in amalgamation with Southern Rhodesia. The obstacles in the way of such a union are obvious but not insuperable, although it is not easy to see exactly to what extent Southern Rhodesia will benefit by tacking on to itself an enormous area with a large native population and only a handful of whites. The major portion of the Colony's white population of about twelve thousand is concentrated in the great copper area in the extreme north, where the native labour is drawn from the million and a half natives who are divided into no fewer than sixty tribes.

Short though his visit to Northern Rhodesia was, the Prince was able to secure some idea of the nature of the country. Game abounds in the extensive uninhabited areas, and there is good shooting at the right season. Unfortunately, His Royal Highness did not have many opportunities of seeing in their wild state the animals for which Africa is famed. But whenever possible, he indulged in his favourite sport of stalking, armed with nothing more lethal than a camera.

Wearing his naval uniform, the Prince motored the seven miles from the Victoria Falls to Livingstone on Saturday afternoon, 31st March. He received a public welcome in the precincts of the Railway Station, where a guard of honour, provided by the askaris of the Northern Rhodesian Regiment, surprised the Prince both by their soldierly bearing and the precision with which they executed their drill. These highly trained askaris, who are commanded by European officers, seem to regard soldiering as a religion. Their bearing and the tense, strained look of their faces betray an eagerness to secure perfection that is seen nowhere else in the world. Wearing khaki shorts and shirts, with blue fez on their heads, and their legs polished to a degree of shininess with a ration of fat, they perform with amazing smartness all the parade ground evolutions of a regular British regiment. They are the power behind the tiny police force that keeps order in this vast Colony—the Africa of the novelists. Prince George was very interested in these black soldiers, and he commented favourably on their bearing.



The Prince was welcomed by the Governor, Sir Hubert Young, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., and the Mayor. Livingstone bears an air of sadness these days. It is rapidly being shorn of its glory as the capital of the Colony, but it should still continue to flourish as a world-wide known tourist centre owing to its proximity to the Victoria Falls. The seat of Government has been moved to Lusaka, mainly because the development of the great copper belt in the north of the Colony has resulted in the major portion of the population moving there. Livingstone is inconveniently at the southernmost extremity of the territory, and is in consequence considered to be too remote for administrative purposes. The Prince saw empty houses and neglected gardens sandwiched between trim residences—a kind of cancerous growth securing its grip on what is not an unpleasant town. As residences and offices are being completed at Lusaka, officials are moving to them from Livingstone.

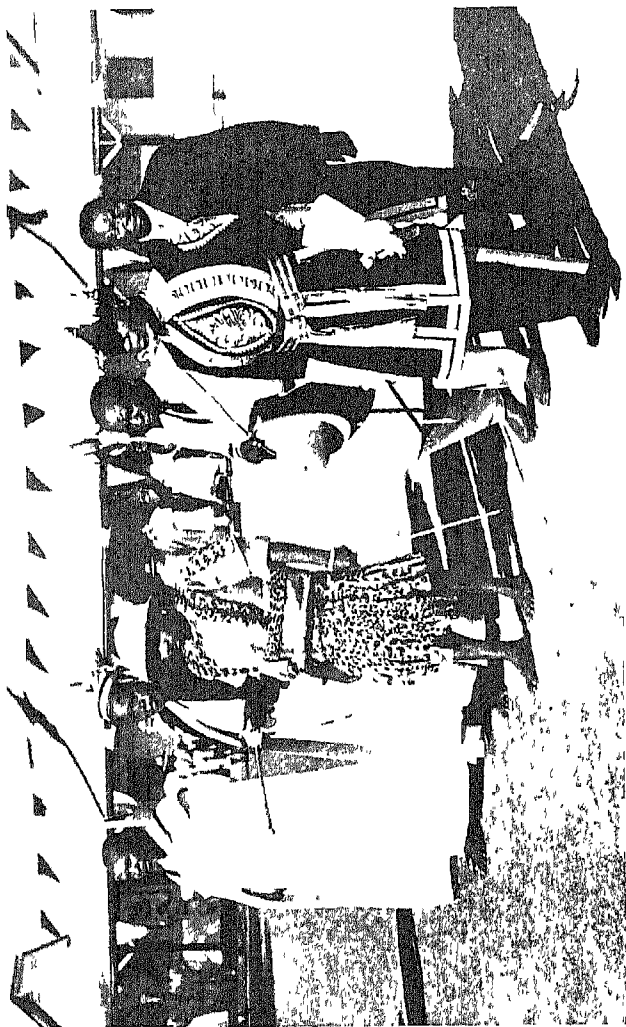
At the several functions which the Prince attended during his brief stay in Livingstone, he talked with many of the British Africans who are striving to develop this outpost of the Empire. He mixed freely with both officials and non-officials, gleaning a good deal of information about the life and problems of the handful of whites who live in the midst of a million and a half natives. At the United Services Club, His Royal Highness danced in the open-air, a canopy of bright twinkling stars over his head, to the music of a native military band. From the beating of

tom-toms, these native musicians have come to the playing of military bugles and modern jazz—just another indication of bizarre Africa.

The most picturesque and important of the native chiefs who journeyed to Livingstone to greet the Prince was Chief Yeta the Third. A tall, well-built man with a short white beard, Chief Yeta looked every inch a ruler as he stood erectly in front of the Prince, while his address of welcome was read. Wearing a much-braided uniform with a cocked hat, Chief Yeta had travelled down the great Zambesi River in his Royal barge, paddled by a crew of muscular natives. He does not often leave the great native reserve in Barotse-land over which he rules with skill and courage. But the chiefs of Barotseland are noted for the elaborate ceremonial with which they greet royalty, and Yeta emerged from his kingdom in the swampy upper reaches of the Zambesi to assure Prince George that the protection Queen Victoria afforded to his father, Lewanika, is not forgotten and that the natives' appreciation is still alive. He presented a beautiful Barotse mat, kaross and carved ivory ornaments wrapped in a Union Jack to the Prince, and in turn, received a gold-mounted walking stick. And as the sun was sinking over the African bush, Chief Yeta journeyed to his home at Mongu, three hundred miles from Livingstone, his paddlers working strenuously as they pulled against the strong currents of the Zambesi. To lighten their work, they chanted a rhythmical song to the time of which they paddled.

Four other chiefs associated themselves with Yeta's expressions of loyalty. They were an incongruous assembly. One wore a fashionable grey morning suit, but the others were clothed in flowing robes and hoods, with a distinctly ecclesiastic flavour. They were all fine, well-built men, anxious to live on peaceful terms with the white people, who are steadily gaining numerical strength in the Colony.

From Livingstone, Prince George travelled north, his train climbing steadily to the higher plateau of the central portion of the Colony. He had now left the open spaces of the south and was penetrating the bush—the bush of the Darkest Africa of Livingstone and Stanley. Ant-heaps, from seven to fifteen feet high, soon became common-place, the railway track often cutting right through them. It was a tedious journey, with no scenery, the dense bush fringing the railway line all the way. Halts were made at various small stations to enable the Prince to meet settlers. The evening of 2nd April was spent at Mazabuka, where the Prince shook hands with a large number of settlers who journeyed to the town from their farms. Like the farmers of the Union, these men are having an uphill struggle to remain on the land. Northern Rhodesia is remote from the large markets of Southern Africa. The copper mines relieve to a great extent an acute position, but the internal market of the Colony is by no means able to absorb its products. The settlers, however, were able to assure the Prince, when he made his usual anxious enquiries about their progress, that



YETA, PARAMOUNT CHIEF OF THE BAROTSE (with Plumed Hat), AND OTHER CHIEFS  
Arriving at Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, to greet Prince George



the position is improving, although locusts had done a great deal of damage. It seems inevitable, however, that the end of a trying and lengthy period of depression will not reach Northern Rhodesia as soon as it will the Union or Southern Rhodesia.

The next day, 3rd April, Lusaka, the Colony's new capital, was reached. Here the Prince saw the Empire's newest capital in its embryo state. Fine modern roads are replacing the sand tracks, along which lions wandered within living memory; large buildings, specially designed to provide the maximum of comfort in the tropical heat, are rapidly rising in the bush itself. Handsome two-storey residences are being built for senior and married officials, and fine blocks of up-to-date flats are being provided for the single men. Driving from the station, the Prince motored to the main street. His car broke a tape, and King George's Avenue was opened. The Governor, Sir Hubert Young, had flown from Livingstone to receive the Prince when he laid the foundation stone of a large block of buildings in which the various Government departments will be housed. From this central block of offices the Prince motored to the site which has been selected for the erection of a new Government House, which will shortly be built. Planned by the late Mr. C. C. Reade, a British town-planner—who, unfortunately, was found dead in Johannesburg—the new Lusaka, whose architect is Mr. Hoogterb, will cost something like half a million pounds. Already about one-fifth of this amount

has been spent, and, taking the present stage of the work as a guide, it is obvious that Northern Rhodesia will soon boast a very fine capital—probably the best in the tropics.

His Royal Highness reached the great African copper belt on Wednesday, 4th April, and spent a busy day inspecting the works of the great industry that is the economic mainstay of the Colony. Leaving the train at Luanshya, the Prince motored to the Roan Antelope Mine, which, we were informed, was producing six thousand tons of copper monthly. Here a surprise awaited the Prince. In the heart of the African bush he came upon a completely self-contained township which is the home of the three thousand people who work on the mine. Pretty, and some imposing, dwellings nestle among the trees, their trim gardens and beautifully green lawns the proof of fertile soil and leisure hours spent in gardening. All the houses are fitted with mosquito-proof netting, for in this country of roaring lions and other wild animals, it is the small insect that is feared. Modern medical development has done much to curb the incidence of malaria, but every precaution is still taken against the disease. The Prince saw modern schools, magnificent playing fields, an up-to-date hospital, a cinema, a well-equipped club with billiard tables, library, and all the amenities of a social centre. It was related that five million pounds were spent on developing this mine and building the township before a single ton of ore was raised to the surface. And the visitor has no difficulty in accepting this

statement. Here within the sound of the incessant roar of the reducing plant, crushing the ore to the finest powder, lives a white community with every modern comfort.

Donning a white coat, His Royal Highness descended the shaft to a depth of about one thousand feet. In an enormous underground tunnel, he saw a miniature electric train of trucks bearing copper ore, dashing along on to a ramp which automatically tilted and emptied the trucks while the train was in motion. The train was driven and conducted by natives. Indeed, here, as in the gold mines of the Witwatersrand, natives do the major portion of the work, their cheap labour making it possible for these mines in the heart of Africa, with long and expensive transport problems to surmount, to compete with mines in America and other more accessible places. The Prince drove through the model location of the Roan Antelope Mine, where some ten thousand natives live in comparative comfort, and are probably far better off there than they normally are in their own homes.

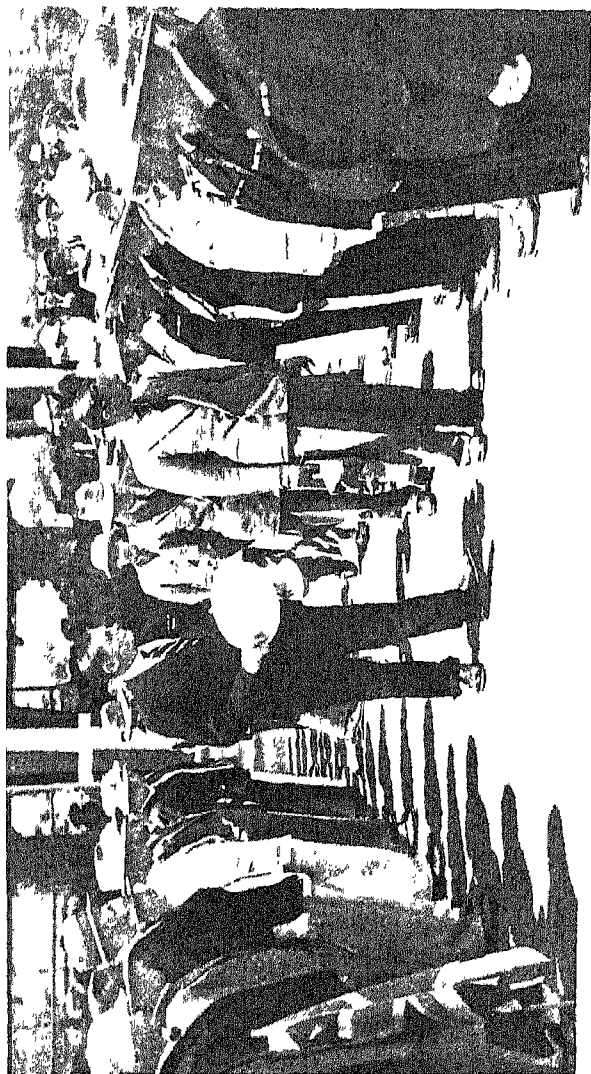
Clambering down vertical steel ladders, the Prince inspected the spotless electric plant and other machinery used in the mine. On the surface he walked through the huge sheds which house the intricate machinery which extracts and purifies the copper, and he noticed that all the machinery is British made. Americans are especially skilled in copper mining, and many of the more important positions are occupied by American citizens, but the machinery comes from Britain. Incidentally,



the General Manager of the mine treated the Prince to a bit of American hustle at the luncheon in the staff mess which His Royal Highness attended. Before the guests had emptied their soup plates, the toasts of the King and the Prince had been proposed and honoured.

It was at Roan Antelope that the Prince made his only concession to the reputation of tropical weather. Throughout his tour the Prince used a straw boater hat—in fact, it would be more correct to say that he carried a straw hat, for he seldom wore it. But at Roan Antelope he produced a fairly wide-brimmed felt hat. Rain clouds overhead, however, hid the sun and deprived it of so much of its fierce tropical heat that the Prince carried even this hat. Major Butler, his equerry, also chose Roan Antelope as the place to produce something new in hats. He left the train wearing a felt hat with a small crown, but an enormous brim, and decorated with a bright ribbon. There was a distinct prairie flavour about this astonishing headgear which made the natives gape!

Driving his car himself, Prince George motored the thirty odd miles from Luanshya to Nkana to inspect another copper mine. The Prince drove rapidly along the sodden road that wound in and out of the bush. At the Kafue River a crossing was made on the pontoon, on to which the Prince drove the car. The river was in flood and flowed swiftly so that it swung the pontoon down stream, but the ropes easily held and the other side was reached without incident. Driving swiftly, the Prince made short work of the



AT THE FAMOUS ROAN ANTELOPE COPPER MINE, LUANSHYA, NORTHERN RHODESIA

Prince George inspecting ex-servicemen employees



distance, but on one occasion he was held up by a tree that had fallen across the road in a heavy rainstorm. Nothing daunted, the Prince jumped out and assisted his chauffeur to pull the tree out of the road. Nkana is another edition of Roan Antelope. Here three thousand more white people live in similar comfortable circumstances. The Royal car passed between enormous headgear shafts and works to the furnaces, where, standing behind a screen used by the workmen, the Prince saw molten copper pouring into the moulds.

Opening a new club house at Nkana, His Royal Highness paid a tribute to the mines for their far-sightedness in providing amenities for their employees, who were compelled to live so far from the centres of civilisation. The Prince expressed his surprise at the development of these isolated townships along the copper belt, which, he said, he was sure would be of permanent importance to Northern Rhodesia and the Empire. With the price of copper round about £35 a ton, these Rhodesian copper mines are working at almost full pressure, and one gathered that the tide of depression had turned and healthier days were in the offing. Muflira, another great mine in the copper belt, which was closed during the depression, will, it is understood, shortly restart operations, a fact which has assisted in restoring confidence in the Colony. These three great mines—Roan Antelope, Nkana, and Muflira—each has proved ore contents of over one hundred million tons, and so far only a very small portion of the ore has been extracted. They have long

lives ahead of them provided the world price for copper remains at a figure sufficiently high to enable the copper to be economically produced.

Returning to Ndola, the Prince bade farewell to the Rhodesian Railway officials who had worked his train so efficiently through both Southern and Northern Rhodesia. His Royal Highness had nothing but praise for the manner in which his comfort had been studied. Mr. H. Chapman, C.B.E., the General Manager of the Rhodesian Railways, had travelled in his private coach which was attached to the Royal train. His expert knowledge of the country through which the Prince travelled was extremely useful. Belgian railway officials took charge of the train at Ndola, and during the night the Prince crossed the border into the Belgian Congo. Before doing so, the Prince, at a dinner at Ndola, publicly expressed his thanks to the Administration, the people and the officials of Northern Rhodesia for the cordial reception they had given him, and he wished them the best of luck for the future. The Prince appeared to find the experience of meeting in his own country the fine type of Englishman who adapts himself so easily to the life of a settler not a little interesting.

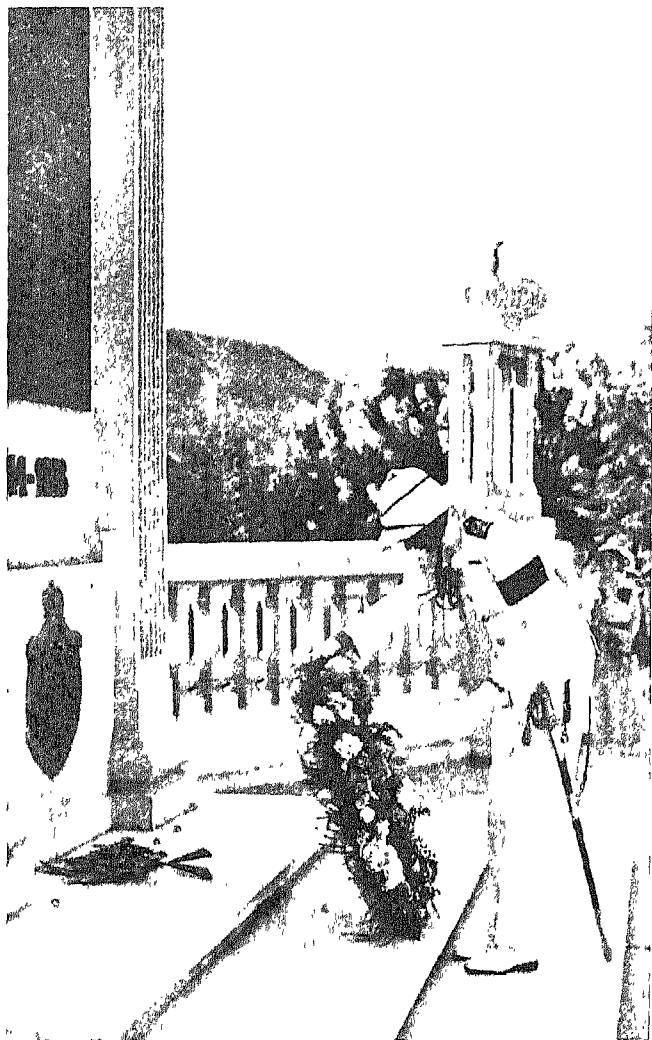
## CHAPTER XXIV

### The Journey to the Coast and Home

ALTHOUGH Prince George's visit to the Belgian Congo was overshadowed by the tragic death a few weeks previously of King Albert, his reception, both official and public, was very warm-hearted and fully in keeping with the friendly relations which exist between Britain and her gallant ally of the Great War. The progress of the Royal train from the Congo-Rhodesian border to Elisabethville, the pleasant capital town of the Katanga Province, was through country not dissimilar to that traversed in Rhodesia. Dense bush skirted the railway line all the way, and at convenient intervals the train passed enormous stacks of wood, for the railway engines in this part of the world are stocked with wood fuel. The story is related that in the early days of the railway line, whenever the engine ran short of fuel, the third-class passengers were turned out to chop down trees. Be that as it may, the Royal train tore along to Elisabethville in charge of a native engine-driver, who handled his train with commendable skill.

The Belgian Congo is an enormous territory (its area is nearly a million square miles), and for the convenience of government it is divided into Provinces, of which the principal is Katanga Province, which lies in the great African copper belt. On the edge of this belt is the town of Elisabethville, which, although only about 25 years old, has developed with extraordinary rapidity. The wide, tree-lined streets are flanked by handsome buildings and modern hotels. But Elisabethville has not yet fully recovered from the copper slump, and there was ample evidence of the distressing period it had endured.

The entire population of about three thousand people seemed to turn out to welcome the Prince on his arrival on the afternoon of 5th April. The Prince, who wore his white naval uniform, was greeted at the station by the Commissioner of the Province, M. Maron, and other high Belgian officials, and the British Consul. On the lavishly decorated station a guard of honour of native troops was inspected by the Prince. These natives are good soldiers, and, like their colleagues in Northern Rhodesia, are extremely keen to secure the maximum of smartness. In the vestibule of the station, M. Maron, speaking in French, welcomed the Prince to the Congo. His Royal Highness replied in French, and this being his first opportunity of doing so, he expressed his great regret at the death of the King of the Belgians, to whose stirring war record he referred with appreciation. A few minutes later His Royal Highness saw a sombre reminder



IN THE BELGIAN CONGO PRINCE GEORGE PLACING A  
WREATH ON THE ELISABETHVILLE WAR MEMORIAL.

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of the grief that had overtaken the Belgian nation in the shape of flags flying at half-mast.

The reception at the station had been formal and dignified; that outside the station, as the Prince walked to a waiting motor-car, was cordial and popular. The crowd cheered lustily, especially when two little girls stepped forward and with pretty curtsies presented bouquets to the Prince, who smilingly accepted them. Driving slowly through the decorated streets, under the shade of the trees, the Prince proceeded between crowded pavements to the War Memorial, where he reverently laid a wreath.

His Royal Highness spent only 24 hours in Elisabethville, but in that short period he saw a good deal of the life of Belgium's sturdy African offspring. M. and Mme. Maron gave a small banquet in the Prince's honour, to which were invited prominent officials, foreign representatives, and leaders of the copper industry. Normally the dinner would have taken the form of a brilliant public banquet, but owing to the Court mourning, it was converted into a private affair. Among the guests was Sir Robert Williams, Bart., who, probably more than any other living person, has been responsible for the development of Central Africa, and the spread of British interests there. His name is revered in the Congo, as it is in all parts of Southern Africa, and the Prince paid a graceful tribute to him in his speech at the dinner. Leaving hospital at Salisbury, where he was taken seriously ill, Sir Robert travelled on the Royal train from Elisabethville

to the coast on the line which owes its existence to his foresight and enterprise. Vice-President of the Union Minière du Haut Katanga, the great copper company, Sir Robert realised the necessity for a short route to the sea in order to send the copper to the markets of the world. Accordingly he built the railway line (Benguella Railway) which cuts across half of Africa from the Congo to Lobito Bay. The railway, which was completed in 1931, considerably reduced the cost of transport by bringing the mines two thousand miles nearer to Europe than they were when the route via Capetown was used.

Speaking fluently in French at the banquet, the Prince made a speech which considerably interested his hosts, who were gratified to know that he was so fully informed of their problems and life. The Prince said he was delighted to have the chance of seeing the Belgian Congo with its mining industries, and especially the famous mines of Haut Katanga, which were of interest to the whole world. He spoke of the importance of the Benguella Railway which, he said, had assisted so greatly in the development of the district by shortening the distance to the sea, and he pointed out that this railway had been constructed through the co-operation of the Belgians, British, and Portuguese. The Prince's references to the "prodigious activity of the Belgians" and to the "warm friendship existing in the Congo between the British and Belgians," especially delighted his fellow guests.

The Prince spent some hours at the copper

smelting works of the Union Minière, where he saw the throbbing activity of a live industry. The Union Minière is, of course, the serious competitor of the copper mines farther south in Northern Rhodesia, and in the struggle for supremacy in the world markets, the ability to produce copper most cheaply will, in all probability, be the deciding factor. At the present time it appears to be a neck and neck race. The New York agreement, which endeavoured to attune production to demand by the allocation of quotas, has not, one gathered, been successful.

That the Prince had made a favourable impression on Elisabethville was proved by the magnificent reception he had when he drove to the railway station on the afternoon of 6th April to entrain for the last stage of his railway journey from the heart of Africa to the west coast. The entire population of Elisabethville seemed to be in the precincts of the station to cheer His Royal Highness, as, accompanied by M. Maron, he arrived at the station.

The Belgian officials worked the Royal train to the border station of Dilolo, where they bade farewell to the Prince, and Portuguese railwaymen assumed control of the two trains for the journey through Angola, including M. Cabral, the General Manager of the railway. It has already been stated that the Benguela Railway owes its existence to the enterprise of Sir Robert Williams. Costing over twelve million pounds, and occupying about twenty-five years in its construction (work was held up during the war), this line

of approximately 900 miles is, strategically, one of the most important in Africa. By its extension through the Belgian Congo to Tenke, it taps the heart of the Continent and, running from the great copper fields to the excellent and sheltered port of Lobito, it has brought an enormous area of country nearer to the markets of the world. In common with most commercial enterprises, this railway felt the full blast of the depression, especially as copper was a commodity that slumped as badly as any, but now that the steady march of normal progress has been resumed, it seems certain that the Benguella Railway will play an ever-increasingly important part in the development of Africa. Thanks largely to this line, Livingstone's Darkest Africa lives now only in the imagination of the novelists. The railway skirts valuable agricultural areas, where maize, tobacco, cotton, sugar, and other commodities are grown. Not touching a single square foot of British soil, the Benguella Railway was built almost entirely by means of British capital, with British material, and to a great extent, by British skilled labour. Consequently, although at present it largely serves foreign possessions in Africa, the railway has brought a great deal of work to British workshops.

For three days and three nights (from 6th April to 9th April), Prince George saw large tracts of Africa rolling past as the train, using wood fuel, but now driven by a white man, sped along, through bush and open country alternately. Natives stared at the train with timid

interest, for familiarity has not yet bred contempt in this part of the Continent. A halt of a couple of hours was made at New Lisbon, where in pouring rain the Prince inspected the well-equipped railway workshops which have been erected there to serve the long railway line. Here again the Prince saw British machinery to the value of many thousands of pounds.

After another halt at S. Pedro, from which point there is a rack line to Lengue, three miles away, the last lap of the railway journey to the coast was speedily accomplished, the Prince reaching Lobito Bay on the evening of 9th April, and receiving there another popular welcome.

The Governor-General of Angola (Colonial Eduardo Viana) had journeyed from Loanda to receive the Prince, on whom the Portuguese Government had conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of the Portuguese Colonial Empire. His Excellency presented the insignia of this order to the Prince as well as a richly bound copy of the poems of Luis de Camoens, the great sixteenth century Portuguese poet. The King had, in turn, conferred the honour of a Knight of the Order of the British Empire on Colonial Viana, and the Prince presented the decoration to His Excellency, as well as Commanderships of the Order of the British Empire to Major R. Viana, the Chef du Cabinet; Colonel de Melo, representative of the Colonial Ministry; and M. Cabral, General Manager of the Benguella Railway.

Most people who have heard of Lobito Bay

probably imagine it to be an unpleasant West African town where human beings go wrong, and where liquor is cheaper than water. They think of the Lobito of Edgar Wallace's play, "The Green Pack," but my impression is that Edgar Wallace's Lobito is a town of other days. We were agreeably surprised to arrive in a town of pleasant avenues and with a first-class hotel. As we were there at about the hottest season of the year, the heat was overpowering, and our boiled shirts simply crumpled up as we dressed for dinner at eight o'clock that night. It is evident, however, that the people whose lot in life it is to live there have made Lobito as pleasant a place as possible. Lobito Bay is a fine landlocked harbour with deep water right to the shore. It is a peculiar formation, the bay being practically enclosed by a long sandspit only a few hundred yards wide, but about two and a half miles in length. On this sandspit the town is built. One felt that any abnormal sea would wash right over the spit and obliterate Lobito. These sandspit enclosed bays are a feature of the West Coast. There is another similar harbour a few hundred miles south of Lobito. It is Tiger Bay, a fine sheltered harbour large enough to accommodate the entire British Navy. The Union of South Africa might well be envious of these natural harbours of the West Coast.

Wearing the brilliant scarlet ribbon of his new Portuguese decoration, the Prince, after meeting the British residents at the vice-consulate, attended an official dinner at the Governor's

Palace. Here he made an important speech in French, breaking off at one point into Portuguese, much to the delight of his hosts, to emphasise the friendly relations that have always existed between Portugal and Britain, and to thank the Portuguese for their kind reception of him. The Governor-General, who welcomed His Royal Highness in French, also referred with gratification to the fact that Britain and Portugal are very old allies, and he mentioned, with gratitude, the part that British capital had played in building the Benguela Railway, which has increased enormously the importance of the port of Lobito. Outside in the moonlight, a Portuguese native band, who made their cymbals very evident, and a Royal Marine band from H.M.S. *Dorsetshire* (which had arrived to accord the Prince naval honours) provided music during the dinner.

Later in the evening the Prince bade farewell to the South Africans who had accompanied him on his ten thousand mile journey from Capetown, and the following morning His Royal Highness embarked on R.M.S. *Windsor Castle*, which had put in to Lobito on her voyage from Capetown to England, to pick up the Prince and his party. As the Prince, who wore his full uniform, stepped on board, the Royal Standard was broken at the *Windsor's* masthead, and the three Portuguese gunboats in the harbour and H.M.S. *Dorsetshire* fired a Royal salute.

Steaming rapidly out to sea, the *Windsor Castle* soon left the shores of Africa, which the Prince saw steadily receding over the horizon.



It was the end of two months of unbroken activity; of a constant round of engagements; and of what was surely a world hand-shaking marathon.

Two months previously it was H.M.S. *Dorsetshire*, flying the flag of Vice-Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans, which had given the Prince his first welcome to South African waters. And on his departure, *Dorsetshire* gave him a typical British naval farewell. Steaming out to sea ahead of *Windsor*, H.M.S. *Dorsetshire* dropped astern as the three mile limit of national water was reached. After following in *Windsor's* wake for some distance, *Dorsetshire* manned ship and, increasing her speed to 28 knots, she tore past *Windsor*—an inspiring example of British naval power and precision which was much admired by the passengers who thronged the *Windsor's* decks. As she drew ahead of the fine four-funnelled mail-boat, *Dorsetshire's* seaplane was catapulted across her bows. The seaplane swooped up, encircled the mail-boat while a photographer took pictures, and rising to a great height dipped steeply to the *Windsor* and flew between the masts. In the meantime *Dorsetshire* had turned about in her tracks and steaming on an opposite course to the *Windsor*, rapidly approached, firing a Royal salute of 21 guns. The exact timing of this salute impressed the uninitiated civilian like myself who happened to be on board the warship. It was, in accordance with Naval custom, so timed that the last gun was fired as *Dorsetshire* drew abreast of the *Windsor's* bridge. The Prince, a tall erect figure

on the mailboat's bridge, watched the proceedings with interest, and, as a message from him subsequently revealed, with appreciation. He wirelessed his thanks to the *Dorsetshire* and congratulated the ship on its smart appearance. In the heat of the noon sun *Dorsetshire* set her course south in a smooth shimmering sea, while the *Windsor* rapidly disappeared over the horizon in the opposite direction, the smoke from her funnels soon being her only sign.

But the Navy had not yet finished. The photographs taken from the seaplane were rapidly developed and printed on board *Dorsetshire*, packed in specially-made containers, and the seaplane set off again to pick up the *Windsor* and drop the containers on board. There were three containers, one addressed to the Prince, one to the commander of the *Windsor*, and the third to Reuter's correspondent on board the mailboat. Unfortunately only one container was dropped on board, but it was gratifying that it was the one addressed to the Prince. The other two went into the sea.

The Prince took the opportunity of the homeward voyage to secure some much-needed rest, but he mixed freely with the passengers and joined in the life of the ship. The tropics passed, the Prince's sports shirts and light clothes were packed away, and as the ship approached the English Channel in bleak chilly weather, His Royal Highness donned heavy tweeds. But he landed at Southampton on the afternoon of 23rd April—appropriately enough, St. George's day—

with his face still tanned a deep brown by the African sun. The Prince of Wales sent his aeroplane to Southampton to convey his brother to Fort Belvedere. Prince George motored from there to Windsor Castle in time for tea with his parents. Immediately on his arrival, His Royal Highness was invested by the King with the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, a decoration which is granted *inter alia* "in reward for services in relation to the foreign affairs of the Empire." Major Ulick Alexander, the Prince's Comptroller, whose tireless devotion to his duties was the largest factor in the success of the arduous tour, had the honour of being received the same evening by His Majesty, who invested him with the insignia of a Companion of the Order.

The gratitude of Britain at the safe return of the King's youngest son after a journey of 21,000 miles, and the nation's appreciation of his services for the Empire, were voiced by *The Times*, which, on the day of his return, wrote : " . . . the tour was full of variety and the Prince's own interest in everything he saw and in everybody he met made it particularly successful. His visit and the enthusiasm with which he was received, by Boer and Briton and native alike, cannot fail to strengthen the loyal allegiance to the Crown, which is the sure link both between the South African Union and the other countries of the Empire, and also between the different sections of the South African people. It was a happy coincidence that his visit was made at a

time when South Africa was already rejoicing in her recovery from drought and depression and when co-operation between the hitherto opposed political parties was giving effect to the desire, widespread throughout the Union, to sink partisan and racial antagonisms in a common effort to promote the common prosperity. The latter part of his visit to Africa was spent by Prince George in the two Rhodesias, the Belgian Congo, and Portuguese West Africa, making friends wherever he went, and cultivating everywhere the desire for mutual understanding and friendly co-operation in furthering the common interest."

This story of the Royal embassy could not better be concluded than by reprinting the Prince's own account of the tour as he told it to a distinguished audience at a dinner given in his honour by the Patriotic Societies at Grosvenor House on Wednesday night, 2nd May. A large gathering included the Prince's uncle and aunt, the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, whose work for South Africa during the Earl's tenure of office as Governor-General is still a vivid memory in the Union. Several former Governor-Generals and the High Commissioner for South Africa (Mr. C. te Water), and the High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia (Mr. J. W. Downie) were also there. To this audience the Prince related some of his experiences and the impressions he gained. He ran his finger, as it were, over the whole route from Capetown to Lobito, and he concluded with the striking sentence, "My lasting impression of

the tour is one of co-operative effort at the present time and of faith in the future."

The report of the speech as it appeared in *The Times* on 3rd May was :

Prince George, who was warmly cheered on rising to reply, said that the predictions of Mr de Water, the High Commissioner, as to the reception he would receive when he landed in South Africa were not only fulfilled, but were surpassed by anything he had imagined. (Cheers.) The Prince continued: "The first week was spent in Capetown as a guest at Government House, where the kindness of the Governor-General and Lady Clarendon at once made me feel at home. To many of you here, Capetown in the summer needs no advertisement from me; to those who have no experience of its sunshine and mountains and sea, I can only say that they can never be forgotten, and much increased the enjoyment of my stay. (Cheers.)

"While I was there Parliament was in session, and I was very glad to meet many members of the Government, many Government officials, and many of its inhabitants. I arrived in South Africa at a fortunate moment, when there were distinct signs of returning prosperity. I noticed that this was having specially good effects on the fruit industry, which could not, however, have reached such a high pitch of efficiency had not the fine points of production and marketing been very carefully studied. By packing the fruit in the most scientific way, it reaches its destination in as perfect a condition as possible, even after a

journey to this country of many thousands of miles. To give you some idea of the growth of this industry, in 1908 there were 14,454 boxes of citrus fruit exported from the Union, whereas, in 1933, nearly 2,500,000 boxes were sent oversea.

"I was also very interested to see the wine-growers had such a large acreage under vines, and that there was a very good crop this year.

"From Capetown my tour took me eastwards along 'The Garden Route,' and if anything could add to the enjoyment of the finest scenery in the Union, it was the way in which I and my staff travelled. For my railway journeys through the country, the South African Railways spared no pains to provide every possible convenience and comfort—even to a piano and gramophone in my saloon. The Transkei I naturally found most interesting, as this was the first extensive native reserve I visited. The warm reception I was given at Umtata by the natives, who turned out in thousands to meet me, was all in keeping with that well-known spirit of loyalty which is inbred in the native races of South Africa.

"It was on my way north to Bloemfontein that I first saw South Africa's sheep veld, and some of the finest sheep country in the world. There I was able to meet some of the farmers, who told me about the privations and losses they and other farmers of the Orange Free State had suffered owing to the drought. I admired the courage with which they carried on through their bad times, and I was very glad to hear that, due to the good rains, things were improving.

" I entered Natal on leaving the Orange Free State, and at Pietermaritzburg I attended a most impressive gathering of Zulus, who, arrayed in picturesque headdresses and carrying ox-hide shields, danced for over three hours without any signs of exhaustion. I have the happiest recollections of Durban, where I saw something of every form of this town's many activities. The enthusiasm of the ex-service men was very marked here, as it was everywhere I visited throughout South Africa, and I was glad to see that through their organisations they still keep up old friendships, and stick together to help each other out in difficult times.

" The Transvaal was the last province of the Union I visited. During the two days I was in Pretoria I inspected the new Special Service Battalion, consisting of unemployed. Considering that this battalion had only been in training for six months and had been recruited mostly from the farming districts, its general turn-out and smartness on parade were exceptionally good.

" I should also like to mention how struck I was by the smart appearance of the various guards of honour mounted at the different places I stopped at. The Transvaal, where, in a peculiar way, the new and old South Africa meet—the Africa of modern industrialism and the Africa of agricultural development—was particularly interesting, and I only wish I could have stayed longer and that my tour could have included visits to other districts in the province.

" My most vivid impression was of the

extraordinary activity in Johannesburg and all along the Reef. There the gold-mining industry is going from strength to strength, a progress well deserved because of its intensive organizing efficiency and because of the immense service it renders to the whole of the Union in providing markets for agricultural products. If one realizes the demands in food alone of some 200,000 mine workers, one can then understand the importance of this industry to the farmer. There is, however, another branch of mining in South Africa, once flourishing in the past, but now going through difficult times—the diamond industry. This industry has my sincere sympathy, but I believe things are slowly improving and that, as world depression disappears, Kimberley will once more be called upon to meet the increasing demand for diamonds.

“During my tour through the Union I found my short visit to Basutoland extremely interesting, meeting native chiefs and watching a native gymkhana. I had no time to visit Swaziland, but I was able to meet delegations from that territory at the High Commissioner’s house in Pretoria. Later I spent a day in Bechuanaland. With their limited resources, drought and cattle disease have severely affected the native territories. I was glad to hear, however, that the population, both European and native, had made the best of their troubles and were making a determined effort to surmount their difficulties.

“I travelled through Bechuanaland to Southern Rhodesia. No one, I am sure, can travel



through the two Rhodesias without admiration of the marvellous energy and vision of Cecil Rhodes; no one can stand beside his grave on the Matopos without respecting the understanding and foresight which led to his plans for northern expansion. His spirit lives on in the land that he made and loved so well. I found it everywhere as I went from Bulawayo, through Fort Victoria and Umtali, to the capital, Salisbury.

"I had a most enjoyable tour through Southern Rhodesia, and I noticed a distinct feeling of confidence in the outlook of its inhabitants. It must, however, be somewhat disheartening for the farmers there to realize that, though they can grow an abundance of all kinds of agricultural produce, it is difficult to find a market for their goods. Before leaving this colony I spent a day at the Victoria Falls, which is one of the wonders of the world. I was glad to find everything is being done there to stop any undue encroachment on Nature, or anything likely to spoil the surroundings.

"Naturally I was much interested in the copper mines of Northern Rhodesia. These mines should, in time, prove of much assistance to the hinterland of this territory by providing markets for the cultivator. I visited the new capital at Lusaka, and was glad to be able to lay the foundation stone of the Government buildings.

"After spending one night at Elisabethville, in the Belgian Congo, where every kindness and hospitality was shown me by the Commissaire of the Katanga Province, I entrained for Lobito

Bay. This new port in Angola, on the West Coast of Africa, has been developed by the Portuguese in co-operation with British enterprise, and will play an important part in the development of Central and South Central Africa. The Benguella Railway, which leads there from Katanga, was opened for through traffic only two years ago. It was financed with British capital, built and equipped almost entirely with materials from British workshops, and is an example of what British enterprise can do in other parts of the world."

After expressing his thanks to all who had made his tour so interesting and enjoyable, Prince George concluded:

"My lasting impression of the tour is one of co-operative effort at the present time and of faith in the future. This is shared by all the inhabitants of South Africa. Given such faith and such co-operation, there can never be failure, and we may look forward to the day, which cannot be far off, when statesmanship and the return of material prosperity will make possible the realization of the hopes of the founders of these countries. When that day comes they will take a leading place in modern civilization."

The speech was broadcast and fortunately was clearly heard in parts of South Africa, where it created a deep impression.

The *Rand Daily Mail*, a leading Johannesburg newspaper, and a journal of considerable influence, was moved two days later to state South Africa's impression of the tour, and its

opinion, one felt, accorded with that of the great mass of South Africans who had followed the Prince's tour with interest. The *Rand Daily Mail* wrote on 4th May:

"Prince George's review of his African tour is in itself witness to the keen and sympathetic observation with which he studied the problems of this country during his visit.

"That visit was, of course, all too brief; but it was not so short as to prevent His Royal Highness from grasping very firmly the essentials both of the hopeful economic situation of the Union and of the difficulties which, in spite of that favourable circumstance, have still to be faced. Thus, while he placed well-merited emphasis on the value of the Union's mining industry, pointing out that it is going from strength to strength on account of its great organising efficiency, and laying stress on the service it renders to the country in providing markets for agricultural products, he did not overlook other sides of the nation's activities. The diamond industry, for example, received mention, and it is evident that the Prince's conversations with farmers, who told him of their losses through drought, have had a lasting effect. "The speech, in fact, well accords with the extremely sympathetic impression created by His Royal Highness during his actual stay in this country, for the tour was undoubtedly one of the most significant and agreeable events in the recent history of the Union, and did much to strengthen the ties between the Crown and the people of this Dominion.

“South Africans will be the more gratified by the Prince’s appreciation of their country since they themselves so thoroughly appreciated his visit.”

A whirlwind tour had concluded, but it was not too rapid to prevent the Prince from gaining an extensive knowledge of the problems of Southern Africa. His speech at Grosvenor House clearly reveals his ability to separate the wheat from the chaff of facts ceaselessly poured into his ears by the leaders of every phase of life that he met. That he was converted to the worship of South African sun and life in the open air was established almost as soon as he arrived, and it is certain that South Africa has a valuable publicity agent in Britain. But, transcending all other features, was the impression forced upon one that racial unity *is* an accomplished fact in South Africa. Prince George was delighted to receive at Lobito Bay, before he embarked, two messages of goodwill and farewell from the Administrators of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal—the two great centres of the Afrikaans people of the Union. This, then, was the measure of the tour’s success.